

THE FIELD AFAR

MARYKNOLL



OUR SEMINARY AS IT STANDS TODAY

VOLUME XXIII
SEPTEMBER

When will the chapel wing spring from its tower

NUMBER VIII
1 9 2 9

Universities, Colleges, and Schools

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THE NEW PREFECT APOSTOLIC OF KAYING

Fr. Ford, Maryknoll's first student and one of the first group to leave for the mission field, is now Right Reverend Monsignor Francis X. Ford, A.F.M. After ten years he has returned to this country for the General Chapter of his Society, and he expects to be united with his flock in China within the next few months.

Any communications for him may be addressed to Maryknoll



THE FIELD AFAR

SEPTEMBER, 1929



MONSIGNOR FORD WRITES ON HIS MISSION CENTER



ISLOWLY climbed to the summit of Pat Li Ridge, to the east of Kaying City, and paused to breathe a while. The view from our mountains is slightly intoxicating. Whether it be the colder air, or the clouds that vault the outlook, or the depths of the valley below, or the haze of the distant hills and, farther still, the almost hidden mountains; whether it be relief at the sight of home a short hour's walk below after a day of winding paths, or the natural faintness from a pounding climb, I do not know; but it is true that, this ridge attained, I feel urged to smiles and song, and easily see vistas in the sun-drenched clouds. A shaft of light reaches down from heaven, seems to strike the city, and is reflected in the square white pools of water in the rice fields.

Kaying City then is fair to see; its walls that rise up naturally from the clay have taken on a coat of moss, and are as permanent as the hills behind it; within the walls the solid field of tiled roofs, all smoking with the evening fires, spread a pall of grey between the dying sunlight and the streets. Distance robs the memory of the city's dingy spots, and at each descent I discover Kaying anew.

We yield our love to places in China for the very reason we withhold it elsewhere. The soul must seek its God, and in Kaying the only thing that God can claim is the view; it has not been marred by man. Yet the thought marks zero hour in my day's walk. *Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children as a bird doth her brood under her wings but thou wouldest not?* In all the city of Kaying there is not a spot that belongs to God; He must be content with a rented room.

And this is the center of the Kaying Prefecture Apostolic, the center whence Christ's work in this mission is to ra-

diate, the center to which the missionaries should come for strength of heart and body after tiring work in the mountains.

A mission center in China is an interesting entity. It is more than a cathedral—that can wait; it is more than a chancery building, for the volume of such work is slight. It is, or rather should be, the one building in the entire mission that the missionaries can call home; the one place where overnight accommodations can be offered to emigrating Catholics, where room can be found for visiting priests, and where a few of the comforts that build up the soul may be got.

It may be news to some to learn that the average missionary's house is not a home, that it lacks all but the barest necessities—a bed, a table, and some chairs of the rudest sort. Not that the priests complain or even feel conscious of extraordinary sacrifices. They do not; but on reflection it should be evident to anyone that the loneliness of such a life in the mountains of China is a real hardship that calls for remedy.

And the remedy is a center house large enough not only for the Superior and local needs, but also for the priests and Brothers of the mission, that they may come and, in the quickening companionship of prayer and rest, regain their courage for another siege. The greatest battles for Christ's Kingdom in Kaying will be won at the Center.

We can do with temporary make-shifts elsewhere; we can skimp on catechists and chapels if need be, or on schools; but the Center is an urgent, inevitable need that cannot wait longer.

We have provided a seminary for our Chinese students for the priesthood; we have built a convent for our Chinese novices. We are then justified in presenting this need for ourselves. As it will be a permanent Center, we shall have to plan with a view to developments. Ten thousand dollars will buy the land, and another ten thousand

ENTRANCE CONDITIONS FOR PROSPECTIVE STUDENTS MARYKNOLL MAJOR SEMINARY

The central house of studies is located at Ossining, N. Y., thirty miles out on the Grand Central Railroad.

The courses are substantially those pursued in Diocesan Seminaries—two years of Philosophy and four years of Theology—with certain modifications adapted to the missionary's life.

The requirements are

- (a) *a holy ambition to save souls;*
- (b) *special attraction to foreign missions;*
- (c) *a spirit of sacrifice and prayer;*
- (d) *a recommendation from a priest;*
- (e) *strength of mind and body;*
- (f) *at least average talent;*
- (g) *certificates of Baptism, Confirmation, and parents' marriage;*
- (h) *equivalent of a six-year course in Latin, with usual accompanying studies.*

Burses are provided for board and tuition. Other charges; e.g., for medical needs, books, stationery, and so forth, are comparatively small. Major Seminary students are allowed a month in their homes each summer.

will erect the necessary buildings.

As the sun lies flat on the valley and the clouds rise higher above the city, Kaying seems invested in a new light with the promise of a Resurrection Day when for the first time in seven hundred years its streets will lead to a House of God at our Center.

If *The Field Afar* pleases you it can give pleasure to your friends.

PROMOTE OUR LORD'S INTERESTS

From Other Maryknoll Outposts Along the Line

IN THE KONGMOON SECTOR

Sun Chong—
(*Fr. Cairns*)

IT'S high noon. I am in a hired shop in Sunning for we are trying to start a mission in this thriving city, the county-seat of the district. I offered Mass this morning in a small room on the ground floor. It was wet, close, and mosquito-laden. However, I have washed the altar and the three pews and kneeling benches; cleaned the board bed, table, and chairs; washed my dishes, and now have a few minutes to spare while waiting for the tea. I'm not much of a housekeeper or cook, but then!

Sunning City is really the metropolis of this district. Protestantism, evident everywhere in this section, is more active in Sunning than elsewhere. There are at least five Protestant missions in the city, and we Catholics have only a hired shop. But even that is a start. Our first Mass in the shop was attended by four people, two of whom received the Sacraments. I preached to them, and hope that the seed will flourish.

Chik Lung—
(*Fr. Bauer*)

CHIK LUNG, my "bowlegged baby", has wabbled along for itself since Fr. Ford's time, and the "bows" of its otherwise sound limbs have curved over into two perfect semicircles. But now the doctor is here. With a little attention and a few splints of regulation, the limbs are straightening out. There is already a sounder and firmer understanding of the way the "baby" is to walk and run.

I concern myself for the present with ministering to the baptized Christians, brushing up the doctrine, getting hold of children, and organizing a union of prayer; after that comes the conversion of the pagans.

Whoever wants to be a missioner, let him be sure he is, among other things, a doctor, an engineer, and a cook all at the same time.

Small change wears a hole in your pocket. The Mite Box will prevent this calamity, and will give you an assurance of helpfulness to others.

Tung On—

(*Fr. Rauschenbach*)

WHEN I came to this mission one of the conditions I met was that of the children's absolute lack of religious training. Boys fifteen years old, the sons of Christians, were unable to make the Sign of the Cross, and were innocent of the slightest acquaintance with the Catechism or their prayers. To make matters worse, they were scattered in three's or four's all over the mountains; it was out of the question to hire a teacher for every group. A simple solution would have been to gather them into the Center. That, however, presupposed that we had such a thing as a Center, and that we had some means of support for the children. Both these necessities were lacking.

Now, after two years of effort, we have acquired what, for lack of a better name, will pass for a Center, though it is but a small house with five rooms—one of which serves as chapel, another as dispensary, and a third as the priest's quarters. In the other two rooms we have set up our little "prayer school" where the youngsters from the mountains are learning their prayers

and Catechism. I hope that, God willing, some suitable material for our little seminary is developing.

I may be accused of tempting Providence, for I have gone ahead with this without any idea as to where I'm going to get a single cent to feed these hungry, growing boys. However, what is foolhardy in some cases is faith in others; I believe that God will not let these precious youngsters go in need of food.

Kochow—

(*Fr. Francis Connors*)

LAST week I went on a mission trip to the village of our famous catechist, Mr. Yip. After a meal of rice and syrup, I entertained the assembled multitude with my Cantonese dialect of the Chinese language. As each guest arrived, I had to answer the following politely put questions: "Have you eaten rice yet?" "What is your noble family name?" "When did you come to China?" "How long have you been in Kochow?", and so forth.

The afternoon passed quickly. After evening rice, when all had smoked the water pipe and sipped tea, we had night prayers. I then heard the men's confessions, and retired to my *private room*



FLOATING OVER THE THRESHOLD
Fr. Heemskerk leaving his cabin home during the flood season

PUT MARYKNOLL IN YOUR WILL

which I was to share with three others. In the morning I found a basin of water, and a tin cup with tooth brush and tongue scraper outside my door, so I proceeded with my toilette. After morning prayers and meditation I heard the women's confessions. The confessional was a small room used to house pigeons, chickens, geese, and little pigs—all of which came in and out between penitents.

The following morning after Mass I blessed the homes of the Christians. A large crowd followed me from house to house, anxious to see what was going on. When I finished, I was invited to partake of another banquet. Now I have attended banquets at all hours, but I must confess that a Chinese banquet for breakfast was certainly new to me. However, I did justice to it.

About noon the chair carriers arrived, and I started homeward. Just before leaving, two little girls made a speech after this fashion: "Kong Shan Foo, we are praying and studying characters every day because we wish to become Sisters. How long must we wait?" I told them that next year our Sisters' Novitiate at Kongmoon would be opened, and perhaps they could go then. They were pleased and promised to continue their studies.

FROM KAYING

Chong Pou—

(Fr. O'Brien)

THOUGH nothing particularly exciting happens up in these hills, there are plenty of little incidents to make life interesting, and the language we have always with us. The opportunities we must lose because of our inability to speak, act as a spur to study, and the study itself is interesting. Our frequent mission trips are useful in many ways. They serve as a diversion, acquaint us with the country and people, and help us to pick up conversations.

I am sometimes struck by the lack of attention we attract from passers-by in some sections, and the unconcealed amount of attention we draw in others. Sometimes whole fields of workers stop to look at us as we pass; whole house-

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ENTRANCE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE PREPARATORY COLLEGES

These are located at Clarks Summit, Pa., Mount Washington, Cincinnati, and Los Altos, California.

The courses at the preparatory colleges include four years of high school and the first two years (Freshman and Sophomore) of College. A student may enter at any year.

The requirements are as follows:

- (a) a certificate of entrance to a high school, or if farther advanced, a passing mark in the class which he has finished;
- (b) a recommendation from a priest;
- (c) a certificate of good health;
- (d) certificates of Baptism, Confirmation, and parents' marriage.

The Preparatory College candidate should have a generous spirit, and, young though he be, a special attraction to foreign missions.

A tuition fee is not asked for preparatory students, but there is a nominal charge for board, medical aid, books, and stationery. This may be paid monthly or by the term.

holds come out to see us; even the animals act queerly. The drowsy old buffaloes, who would never notice a native, take long, queer looks at us, then go bounding away. I almost caused a mishap on a narrow mountain path one day when I passed a man leading about seven dogs on a string. When the dogs saw who was passing them, they gave their master a real job.

There is much joy in mission work among these people; they are fine, lovable, and as simple as children.

Siao Loc—

(Fr. Ahern)

BRO. MARTIN is kept busy for hours every day in the little infirmary he has built, but his really fine

work is handicapped to a great degree by his lack of medicines, bandages, and so forth. He has begged, borrowed, or stolen all the old bed sheets between here and Hong Kong to use for bandages; the missionaries will begin soon to hide their linen when they hear of an impending visit. More than four hundred people came for treatment last month, and many were pagan. Small pamphlets containing a summary of the important doctrines of the Church are given to each one who comes. The contacts should be helpful.

Just as in America where some of the kindest and most charitable people are those with the least of this world's goods, so it is in China. The most generous Christian in the village is a poor old blind lady over eighty years of age, with hardly enough to keep a roof over her head. Never is a person turned away from her door, however, nor refused a bowl of rice.

The building is coming along. For the past week all the women in the village have been carrying stones, sand, and cement, and the laborers have finished the foundations. By the way, some of the workmen are Catholics, and six or seven others told Fr. Hilbert they would like Catechisms so that they might study the doctrine. That was encouraging.

FROM MANCHURIA

Fushun—

(Bro. Benedict)

I MADE a trip this morning with Fr. Muller to Nam Sam, a village about eight li from Fushun, where he said Mass at the home of one of our Christians. There were about twenty-eight at Mass, and it was an inspiration to see how devout these good people are.

The lady of the house is quite a missioner. She is doing all she can to spread the Faith in her village. All the sick babies are brought to her, and she generally succeeds in baptizing them when they are in danger of death. Recently she asked us for a sponge, saying that she would find it helpful in administering the Sacrament. Her

Open the Mite Box regularly and let the youngsters know what their sacrifices are accomplishing.

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method is to wash the babies' faces as soon as they are brought in, and if they are dying she can baptize them with the use of the sponge without the knowledge of their pagan parents. Needless to say we supplied her with the valuable article.

Chien, our houseman, has been going about his daily duties, picking up things and cleaning up others, working diligently for his large salary of forty *yen* a year. Accidentally we discovered that he has a good knowledge of characters, and since we are in need of catechists we have pressed him into service. He is now on the road, rounding up our Christians, and trying to draw others to the true Faith.

The seminary and school reopened this morning with twenty-four boys on hand. This will crowd us somewhat, but as in the old days at the Knoll we can push over.

We were recently surprised by the visit of an old Christian, a man about sixty-five years old, who resides at a village some eighty *li* from Fushun. He has not seen a priest for about five years, and only recently learned that we were located here. Distance meant nothing to him when he heard he could get in touch with a priest, and he is here today, happy to be able to make his Easter duty.

Dairen—

(Fr. Tibesar)

OUR roster here contains five hundred names now. Last Sunday we had eighty Chinese at Mass. It is an inspiration to me to see all these different nationalities coming here for their common worship. The atmosphere is certainly Catholic. Strangely enough the Chinese seem to prefer the Japanese Mass—Sino-Japanese political troubles to the contrary notwithstanding. The music at that Mass partly explains their preference, I think. I am paying my organist almost a catechist's wages. He is worth all of it. The children sing well enough to merit praise even from foreigners who attend.

Associate membership in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society is fifty cents a year.

BOAT DWELLERS OF CHINA

(By Rev. Thomas V. Kiernan)



NE of the most interesting things in China to me is the great horde of people who dwell in boats. They are called the *T'eng Ka* by the Chinese in the South, a term used to indicate the lowest classes. They are supposed to be a despicable category of the Chinese population. Just what their origin was in the twilight of fable is a matter of conjecture and legend. There is no doubt but that they are real Chinese, but they are indeed a special variety. They are found in practically every river-port or seaport of the country, and it is said that while those in one section may differ from those in another this difference is not in essentials.

My chief impression of the boat dwellers of Shanghai is of their squalidness. In comparison with those of Hong Kong, Canton, Kongmoon, Sam Shui, Shiu Hing, and Wuchow, they are much poorer in appearance and less clean. However, all the ports contribute a good share to this less artistic population.

The sampans are usually from ten to fifteen feet long and from four to six feet wide. They draw from one to two feet of water, depending, of course, on their cargo. There seems to be a platform at either end on which the rowers stand while navigating the boats, and this varies in length according to the size of the sampan. The platform floor is readily removed so that the household goods or cargo may be stowed away. The middle of the boat is covered by a bamboo hood, quite waterproof when in good repair, and the sides are sliding wooden doors, not

very large, which can easily be removed. The main roof or covering does not extend over the platforms of the rowers. Two cowl-like affairs of bamboo matting are so arranged that they slide back on top of the roof in good weather, and, when it is raining or the sun is too intense, they are drawn over the two platforms to act as protection for the rowers.

The oars are quite long and usually in two sections, one end of each being tightly bound to the other by bamboo thongs. They are sometimes plied from the sides of the boat by the oarsmen standing on the platform at each end, but as the Chinese almost always face the direction in which they are traveling, the oars are used in a manner directly opposite to the Western system. Each sampan has its boat hooks, long bamboo poles with an iron hook on one end. The men use these hooks quite dexterously to catch anything which may serve as a point of leverage in handling the boat, or, by reversing the pole so that the hook comes under their armpit, to push the boat along. In this latter case the other end is thrust into the river bed, a neighboring boat, or a wharf.

Even the smallest sampans have little stoves where the natives cook their meals and heat water for their daily ablutions. The household possessions are usually stowed away under the deck boards. Some families have the good fortune to possess more than one sampan; others, not so fortunate, crowd together at night in the best way they can. Bamboo mats are hung up at the ends of the boat to afford some privacy and protection from the elements.

I have noticed that most of the sampans are managed by women, girls, small boys, or, occasionally, by an old

SUBSCRIBE FOR A FRIEND

couple. The men of this species seem to be engaged as coolies around the water fronts. As a rule the sampans in this section are fairly clean; some are scrupulously so. Around Canton I noticed many prettily decorated in various colors. All sampans that I have been on have their household shrine which usually consists of several joss sticks fixed in a crack of the front platform. Around the Chinese New Year one could observe superstitious votive lights burning before idols in many sampans.

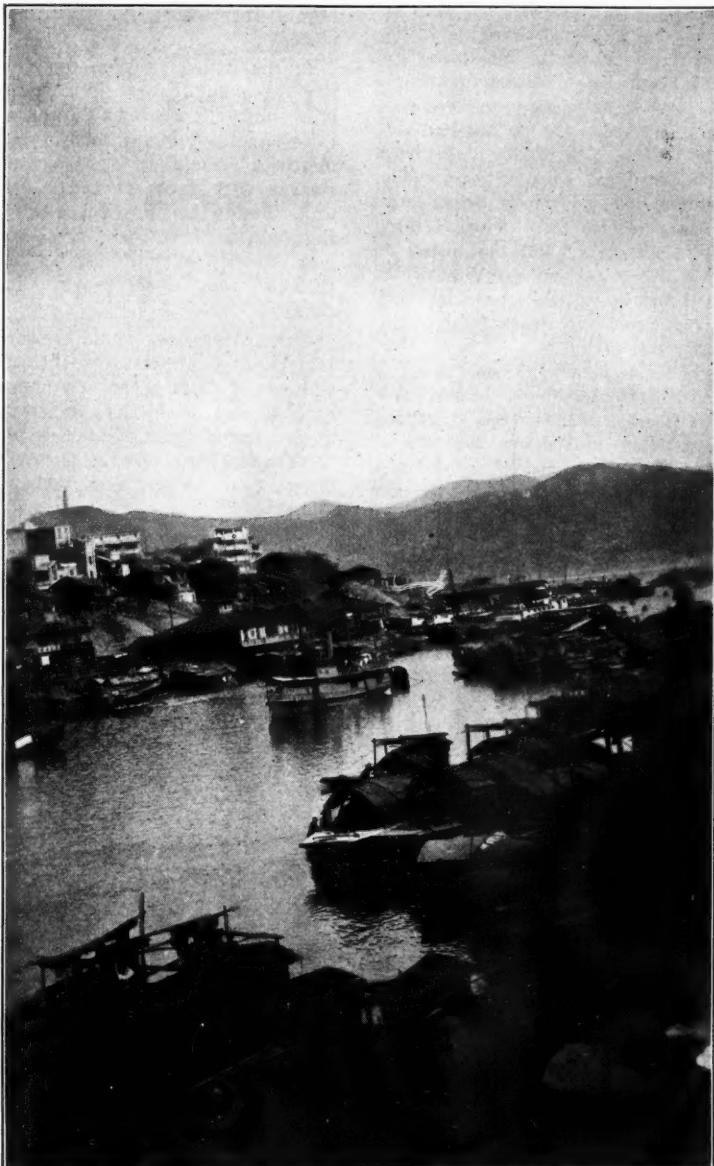
How all these people make a living is a mystery—one of China's many. When you have need of their services and go to the water front, a regular bedlam of voices greets you. When you finally select a boatman, the others stop their screaming to a great extent, and seem content to let the fellow off with his prey. Recently Fr. Dietz and I were crossing the Foo River after looking at the Kwangsi University. As we left the sampan a woman in a nearby boat called to the one who had ferried us across, "What sort of foreign devils are those?" Fr. Dietz's quick ear caught that which had meant nothing to me. He stopped, removed his hat, and said to the questioner, "We aren't devils; see, we have no horns." All within hearing sent up a good-humored laugh, much surprised that the "foreign devil" understood Chinese.

I have it on the authority of a missioner who has been thirty years in the field that the sampan people speak among themselves a decidedly queer variety of the regional dialect, one that he finds extremely hard to catch. In speaking to foreigners or to the land people, they adapt themselves to the local *wa*.

All of the boat population do not live on sampans. The lighters or real *t'engs* are glorified or elongated sampans. Their general lines follow in symmetrical proportion those of a well-built sampan. These lighters vary from three to ten times the size of a sampan. They are used to haul freight

in the rivers, and, though smaller than junks, are able to take great loads. They are towed by steam launches or poled. In the latter case, men work in gangs on runways which go along each side of the boat. Starting from the prow, they thrust their poles into the river bed, and push while walking

back toward the stern. Sometimes they actually drag their boats in much the same way that donkeys hauled the old Erie Canal boats when I was a boy. Even women and children are not exempt from this toil. Ropes tied around their bodies are attached to a main line which is fastened to the boat. All the



"The sampans are found in practically every port, and are managed mostly by women, girls, or small boys."

SUPPORT A CATECHIST

The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Incorporated, is our legal title.

boats are steered by a large rudder, awkward in appearance, but actually successful in controlling the boat's course to a nicely. Some of the lighters hold thirty tons of freight.

Of all the foreigners coming into this port, the favorite one with the sampan girls is a big-hearted Irish boat captain. When his boat comes in they swarm over it in droves, and while he knows but little Chinese he speaks the language of kindness. He conducts a little dispensary, and hands out drugs, and not a little candy, to the boat people of all ages. He has educated several Chinese girls, taking them from some poor families that he discovered in distress, and undoubtedly saving them from a terrible fate. Two of these girls have studied with our Sisters in Hong Kong. Along the West River he is well-known and trusted by these strange people who see so much of the seamy side of life.

So far as I know, the only missionary work done with the boat population is undertaken by the Protestant sects. Here in Wuchow they have a special "sampan mission". Two lady missionaries from the Alliance Mission work among this class, but I have yet to hear of any success. I am told that the boat people, though the most ignorant and superstitious of the Chinese, are in many ways the most practical.

WUCHOW NEEDS

WHEN, toward the close of 1926, Maryknoll missionaries began work in the field which had been entrusted to the Society in eastern Kwangsi Province, South China, there was only a handful of Catholics in the entire region, and the sole mission station with Catholic establishments was Pingnam, a town somewhat farther up the West River than the treaty port of Wuchow. Already the number of Catholics in the Wuchow Mission has been tripled, some building has been done, and Catholic schools have been founded. Fr. Bernard F. Meyer of Stuart, Iowa, the Acting-Superior of this field, and those working under his direction have won the confidence of Bishop Ducoeur of Nanning, who has recently asked

the Maryknoll pioneers to take over additional territory. Fr. Meyer writes:

The Bishop of Nanning* has just asked us to take over the Watlam district, which has a house, but nothing more; and we hope to build at Jungyuen and Tsz-t'ong within a year. This will mean the securing of furnishings for three new places.

In the homeland there must be a great many church furnishings lying unused in basements and attics—sanctuary lamps, ciboria, candlesticks, crucifixes, censers, and statues with faces turned to the wall. Beside the shining new things that have replaced them, these may look dingy; but to us, in the "sticks", they would prove a godsend.

Our houses, too, would welcome tablecloths, napkins, dishcloths, odd sets of cutlery—or new ones—spoons, and so forth. Of course no one would think of sending chinaware to China, but the money to buy it would be very acceptable.

*Bishop Ducoeur of Nanning, who after many years on the missions returned to France for the purpose of building up his health, died at Marseilles shortly before this article went to press.

DO YOU BELONG?

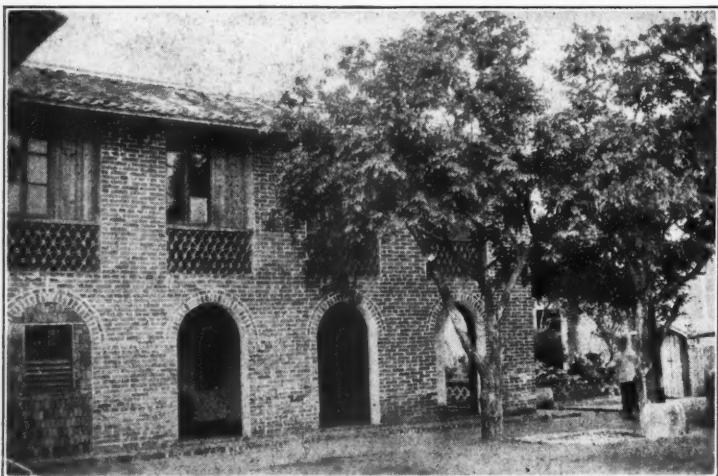
Every Field Afar subscriber a member of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

This should be a Maryknoll slogan, and let us tell you why.

Maryknoll is only one of several societies that are training and trying to support missionary priests and Brothers. Maryknoll appeals, doubtless in a special way, to FIELD AFAR subscribers, because they learn to know its activities and its needs.

But we of Maryknoll—and all of our friends—are, or should be, larger than our own Society. We belong to the Church Universal; and the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, which gathers alms for the missions from many countries, and distributes to all missions in the measure of its receipts, is the agent of the Church Universal.

We urge our friends, therefore, to take out and keep up membership in the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. They will receive great spiritual advantages, and will have the satisfaction of helping all—while loving Maryknoll none the less.



THE PRESENT LANGUAGE SCHOOL AT PINGNAM

This school has been provided by the members of St. Ambrose College Mission Unit, Davenport, Iowa, the Alma Mater of Fr. Meyer, director of the Maryknoll mission in Kwangsi

Save the Child

(By Rev. Robert E. Sheridan)

A LARGE bottle was thrown over our fence recently, and within we found the bones of a Chinese baby. Early one morning we learned that an



ROSE

The first waif cared for by the late Father McShane of Loting

abandoned waif had been left on our front steps, and that none of the Chinese could develop sufficient courage to remove the dead body. This meant that the *shan foo* became half an undertaker, then continued with his coffee.

Such incidents are not infrequent in this Orient of ours. We do not search about town for tots who have been disowned by their parents, and yet babies are daily brought to us; sometimes as many as nine are baptized in one day.

Fr. McShane started the orphanage at Loting, and during his span of years as a missioner he was responsible for more than twenty-five hundred "thieves of heaven" entering upon their eternal happiness. Friendly Chinese women bring babies to the mission crèche, and, considering all the expenses connected with such a refuge, it has been estimated that five dollars gold is sufficient to ransom an unfortunate girl baby. During the lifetime of Fr. McShane,

the work continued apace, and he received the title, "Apostle of the Holy Childhood". Well did he merit it!

It costs money to keep things going; it takes time to watch over details; it requires more attention than the few minutes necessary for Baptism to start, organize, and continue the work of saving babies thrown away by their parents. Just now rice costs money, and as there was a poor crop last year the abandoned babies were more numerous, while the expenses also leaped forward. Allied to this is the question of new orphanages to be opened in other sections of the Kongmoon Mission.

Last year, at Loting, more than five hundred babies were ransomed, baptized, and sent to heaven. The number is impressive, and for those who have been even partially responsible the achievement affords much encouragement. Last year was our banner year. But what of the future? While babies come to us in great numbers, we do not receive a sufficient number of names from friends back home.

Stories abound as to what Fr. McShane was able to do at Loting. The incident of transferring an entire pagan orphanage from a city in the interior of China to the French hospice in Hong Kong is always worth the telling. The nurses who found themselves aboard a river boat with crying infants; the same nurses and the same babes who found themselves for the first (and last) time in an automobile, whisked away to the extremely kind French and Chinese Sisters in Hong Kong—the mere outline suggests a suspicion of what happened en route.

The years that have passed have brought considerable help from friends back home. Probably not a few vocations have been started by the self-denial necessary to purchase a Chinese baby. And in the future? How many babies are we to ransom? How many friends are going to gather the small sum necessary to purchase and save for eternity a waif who might otherwise never enter the portals of Paradise?

Charity must begin at home, but it would be shamefully ungenerous of it to stay there; it will languish and die if it does. It must go forth and allow its light and warmth to comfort others even at the cost of some inconvenience and suffering.

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FIELD AFAR OFFICE

Maryknoll, N. Y.

SPECIALS

THERE are 4,790 policemen in Peking. Each one is obliged to know how to read and write Chinese.

The establishment of seventy-eight new ecclesiastical divisions in the Catholic mission field during the past seven years is a strong evidence of the rapid advance made by the Church under the present Holy Father.

The Associated Press reports that two leper villages in Kwangsi province have been transferred to the island of Taikam. It is estimated that there are thirty thousand lepers in Kwangsi. Maryknollers care for a few of these poor outcasts.

Many Americans are surprised to learn that in China there is printed in English a fourteen-page daily paper called *The North China Star*. Frequently the Sunday edition requires twenty-eight pages. It has never missed an issue in ten years' existence, and has one hundred employees. The publisher and two staff men are Americans.

A missioner writes from his post that from several causes, not of his own making, he and his companions are "in a poorer position this year than for many years past". And he adds with fine spirit: *Still Providence watches over us, and just when all seems lost we receive donations from most unexpected quarters.*

Fides Service tells us that fifty-five students in the seminary at Tatungfu, Shansi, China, recently collected fifty-five dollars as a gift to the Holy Father. Tatungfu is in a district which has suffered much from extreme poverty and famine. Caught by the spirit of the students, the domestic servants gave a dollar and a half—the equivalent of five days' salary.

The Field Afar for life, \$50

Not long ago a young man was put in jail in China as a political prisoner. Behind the bars he had time to think, and he later emerged bearing the name of Francis Xavier Zia, while pro-



Not all our readers contribute

claiming to his startled friends that he had embraced the Catholic religion. He is at present head of the publicity bureau for the Chinese government.

According to a recent report, the Franciscan Fathers in China had, at the close of 1928, one hundred and seventy-one native priests in their district, and three hundred and sixty-five priests from other countries. Of four hundred and fifty-two Sisters, two hundred and thirty-eight were natives. Six hundred and eighty-six Chinese seminarians are in training. The Franciscan territory is populated by 342,000 Catholics, and 44,197 pupils are in the mission schools.

Many Chinese emigrate to Canada. Many Canadians, especially missionaries, sojourn in China. These were largely of the Protestant faith until very recent years, but at present the Catholic missioner from Canada is also becoming a familiar figure.

A distinguished protagonist of this new movement is the Rev. John E. McRae, President of St. Francis Xavier Seminary at Scarborough Bluffs, Ontario; and it was a distinct pleasure to our Kongmoon missioners to find themselves on his visiting list on the occasion of his recent trip to the mission field. As head of Canada's English-speaking foreign mission seminary, Fr. McRae was out to gather information on mission work, and Bishop Walsh trusts the week he spent at Kongmoon was not wasted.

Following is a digest of some interesting releases from the *Fides Service*:

Bishop Chang, China's latest consecrated native bishop, has returned from Rome to North China. Bishop Chang was formerly professor of Chinese Literature at the Urban College in Rome. His thorough knowledge of Mandarin, the language of the Chinese literati, represents thirty years of study. Church authorities in both China and Europe will watch with interest the influence which his literary attainments should give him among the Chinese.

The annual report of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith shows that the two nations which have made the greatest relative advance in contributions during 1928 are Poland and Belgium. In both these countries mission activities have been stimulated by the remarkable interest and zeal of student organizations.

The slaying of the three American Passionists in China on last April 24 brings to sixteen the number of Catholic missioners who have met violent deaths in that country within the past six years. Besides the three priests of the Congregation of the Passion, the victims were four Belgian Scheut Fathers, three Franciscans, two Jesuits, a priest of the Paris Foreign Mission Society, a Picpus Father, and two native Chinese priests.

The Field Afar for 6 years, \$5.00

READ MARYKNOLL BOOKS

Father Price--A Memory

(By Rt. Rev. Msgr. F. X. Ford)

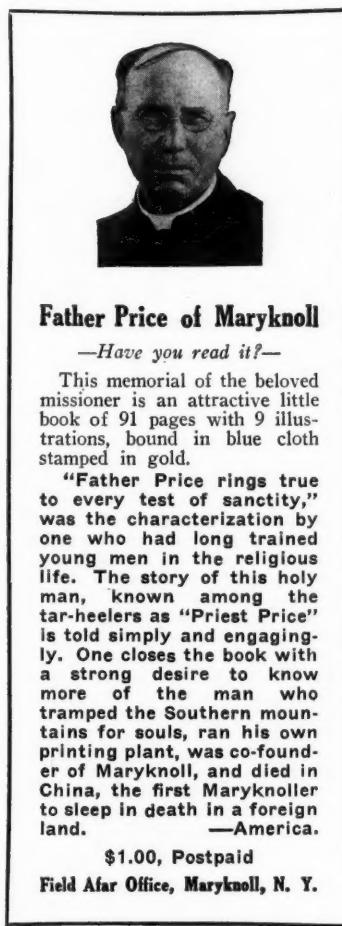
IT IS given to few men to live on in the memory of friends as a constant inspiration and as a standard whereby self may be measured. Father Price was a man who so lives. He is an inspiration, not for what he accomplished, but for what he was himself. He was loved while alive, and admired after death, chiefly for his character.

His achievements were not startling. Many priests have founded journals, and edited them for years; many have built institutions, and labored for a life's span in the ministry as successfully as did Father Price. In most instances the work made the man, while with Father Price, the man used the work, and thereby consecrated it; he used the work as a means to a supernatural end, so that all work acquired an importance not gauged by human rule. This resulted in an intensity even in the smallest matters—an intensity disconcerting from a purely worldly viewpoint, yet logical granting the premises. He could turn from writing to begging, or from preaching a retreat to catechizing a handful of children, and do this with equanimity and with no apparent disappointment. In one sense he leveled everything to a dead level, and seemed to lack a sense of proportion; but it was because he looked straight ahead and aligned everything toward the one goal of God's greatest glory.

This singleness of view was his most striking characteristic, and it made his meals, his work, and his play, all one prayer. His life was a prayer; a prayer, not of petition or of satisfaction, but of adoration with all that adoration implies—forgetfulness of self and enjoyment of God's glory.

To the casual acquaintance Father Price seemed an ascetic, or a very hard worker, or a good story-teller, or an extraordinarily light-hearted man, unusually gentle and gentlemanly; in fact, there were as many fine traits in him as occasions warranted. In other words, he became all things to all men because he saw all in Christ.

He had his failings, but they were ones he himself could laugh at first.



Father Price of Maryknoll

—Have you read it?—

This memorial of the beloved missioner is an attractive little book of 91 pages with 9 illustrations, bound in blue cloth stamped in gold.

“Father Price rings true to every test of sanctity,” was the characterization by one who had long trained young men in the religious life. The story of this holy man, known among the tar-heelers as “Priest Price” is told simply and engagingly. One closes the book with a strong desire to know more of the man who tramped the Southern mountains for souls, ran his own printing plant, was co-founder of Maryknoll, and died in China, the first Maryknoller to sleep in death in a foreign land.

—America.

\$1.00, Postpaid

Field Afar Office, Maryknoll, N. Y.

He was at times forgetful of engagements and thoughtless of appearances; he was slow in deciding and too ready in yielding to the wishes of others; though he was never censorious, he became an irksome preacher by example when a less ardent nature wanted to relax too much; however, his presence never rankled long because his motives were disinterested.

Father Price was a unique character. He had Savonarola's hatred of sin, Papini's ability to see humbug, Chesterton's appreciation of the individual man, and St. Francis' attraction to poverty; yet in Father Price, these attributes

took on a special tone. He sincerely abhorred sin, but his voice was pleading to the sinner; he detested pride in any form, but most of all in himself; he was genial as are few priests, yet he was not conscious of his gift; he chose poverty as incidental, he was not wedded to it.

Father Price cannot be appraised apart from his virtues. He had no views or attitudes; he rode no hobby, nor tied himself down to any plan; he was committed to no one line of action, and he could change his field, or his work, or his method, without a moment's hesitation, provided only that the new endeavor tended to the salvation of souls.

He was peculiarly trained in character to combat the evils of the present day. He saw the pride hidden in the cult of modern progress, the exaltation of self in the sham of our standards of living, the false premises of much that parades as efficiency, the idolatry of esthetics apart from God, the apotheosis of man in the writings and advertisements of our journalism.

As a missioner, Father Price did not fight Western or Oriental paganism with their own weapons. He believed in the efficacy of prayer; and, having first purified himself of the world, he spent his time in prayer. Few moderns have so dedicated themselves to prayer as he did. During much of the day and during much of the night, he knelt before the Blessed Sacrament; and when his duties called him to the outside world, he worked, and talked, and joked, always conscious of God's Presence. He acquired the facility of recollection even in distracting labors.

And yet in it all he was lovably human and sympathetic; he unconsciously gave an impression of Christ as he would be, were He to dwell among us visibly today.

I would travel the earth, O my Well-Beloved, to preach Thy Name and to set up Thy glorious cross in pagan lands. I would desire to be a missioner, not only for a few years, but to have been one from the creation of the world and so to continue to the end of time.—The Little Flower.

September Breezes From Korean Hills



Fr. Leo Sweeney writes from Peng Yang

OUR visitation of the Christians living in the little villages scattered throughout the mission begins in early spring. The winter has broken, the planting season has not be-

gun, and so it is an ideal time to minister to the villagers. The district here is as large as a good-sized diocese at home, and so the visitation means much journeying; but it is an important part of the work, and everything else is set aside for the time being.

Accompanied by a catechist who acts as guide, and by a Christian who carries the Mass kit, Catechisms, prayer books, rosaries, and so forth, the missioner sets out on foot. The first stop is less than ten miles out of the city; the last is about fifty miles away. The whole experience is interesting, edifying, consoling, and tiring.

Long before we had crossed the last of the hills behind which our first village, a little cluster of brown huts, hides itself from the world, we were met by whiskered old Christians and stalwart young ones—farmers all—who had come a part of the way to welcome us. As we went down the path into the village I saw no steeple, spire, or bell tower, but Fr. Cleary's, "There's the church", directed my gaze to a little mud-walled, thatched Korean house whose only distinguishing feature was the absence of the customary fence of sorghum stalks.

We stooped low to get through the doorway, and the Christians followed us for a short prayer. As we rose, I noticed that the room was scarcely ten feet by thirty, and that the walls were entirely covered with back numbers of Japanese newspapers, all except the part around the altar, which was covered with white wrapping paper. The paper was all so carefully pasted that not a square inch of mud was visible.

We felt at home, not so much from impulse as from the conviction that a

priest ought to make himself at home in a house where he is going to stay. This chapel is also the priest's house. There is no rectory in the village, but in the future, chapels which we erect in the country will have a small room for the priest, so that it will not be necessary for him to spread his blanket before the altar, or to take his meals sitting cross-legged in the same place—present necessities which shock our liturgical and canonical sensibilities.

If accommodations are not good, at least the Faith of the people is heartening, and I found it an impressive experience to say Mass in these little houses where one cannot elevate the chalice without touching the roof-beams, and where one is so surrounded by the faithful flock that the server has difficulty in moving about.

Yeng You—

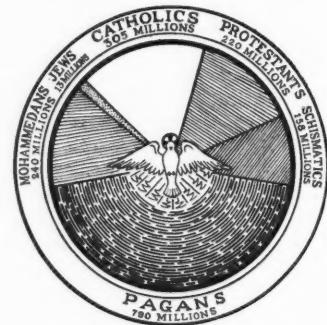
(Sr. M. Gabriella)

THE Korean girl today is a problem to those who would guide her. After long years of obscurity in the narrow borders of her home, she is facing conditions never met by her race before. "Modernism", the popular word



SCHOOL GIRLS AT YENG YOU
We have with us a certain type
of "flapper"

ADOPT A MARYKNOLLER



ANOTHER DEPARTURE

Again this autumn, Maryknoll is sending a group of young apostles to the Orient. Including this latest band, the American Foreign Mission Society will have over one hundred missioners in the Far East.

During their years of training, these young priests and Brothers have had your interest and your prayers. Now that they are making the long journey and entering the fields afar, Maryknoll asks you not to forget them.

In one sense they will have reached their goal on landing in China or Korea, but their perseverance and success in their work for souls will depend, under God, on your co-operation. Not all are called to be foreign missioners, but no Catholic is exempt from the obligation of furthering the Kingdom of God in men's souls. Your American ambassadors of Christ look to those in the homeland for spiritual and material help in their efforts to follow in the footsteps of apostles and martyrs.

of the day, has penetrated even to Korea, and we have with us a certain type of "flapper". This little lady from twelve to twenty finds herself face to face with developments about which she knows nothing; and our short experience with the girls who have come to us from different parts of the country has made evident the necessity of providing them with solid training, in addition to keeping them employed in the Industrial Department.

After much planning and figuring, we decided on a school program, in the

order of an Arts and Crafts course, and we secured a fine young woman from Seoul to help us inaugurate a regular schedule. According to the new arrangement, the girls will study several hours a day, but they will also be able to produce a good amount of embroidery for sale, and so we hope the financial returns will not suffer. In any event the course will give these girls the preparation they need to face life, and to meet its problems.

Heijo—

(Fr. Swift)

OUR Japanese mission is growing and thriving, and all are happy. Shortly after the New Year little Peter Yamaguchi died and went to heaven. From that time new blessings have come to the mission—two new families, adding seven members to the flock. I feel sure that our little Peter is interceding. From one of the two new families, I have been fortunate in getting both husband and wife to act as catechists, while their daughter is preparing to direct a choir.

You will note we have moved. That became necessary. When the Procure began to take itself seriously we found it had no room for expansion. This house was never built for a cold country, but we manage to keep from freezing. However, Japanese architects do not take into consideration the stature of Westerners. A tall man in these parts is deserving of no pity; I have to chuckle when some of the brethren passing through the house must stoop if they would save their heads.

Ma San—

(Fr. Booth)

CECELIA PAK, a native of Han-chun, our largest mission station, was desirous of entering the convent. Her father, a tepid Catholic, objected; unknown to Cecelia and her mother, he had espoused her to a pagan when she was yet a small child. The mother and daughter pleaded with him, but to no avail; he refused to hear of Cecelia's entering the convent.

On her part the young girl said that she would rather die than marry a pagan. She loved her father and wished to obey him, but not to the point of giving up her Faith. She appealed to

the priest. He tried persuasion, but in vain; it all seemed largely a question of "face", and "face" must prevail. Then suddenly the father was taken sick; a month later he died. It seemed like the hand of Providence.

But the devil had another card to play. The eldest son, becoming head of the family, declared that his father's wishes must be carried out; "face" must still be served. We shall try per-



Darby and Joan in Korea

suasion again, and if it doesn't succeed we must turn to the law as a last resort. According to Japanese law, as to all civil law, the consent of both parties must be given to a marriage. In this case it will never be given.

CONSOLATION

WHEN a young missioner leaves his family he usually makes a considerable sacrifice. His greatest pain on this occasion comes from the realization that he is the occasion of pain to his dear ones.

Several of the Maryknoll missioners who have gone through this trial of separation, later received news of the death of one or other of their parents, and in some instances of both.

Among these who have lost both parents since his departure is one from whom comes the following letter written to our Superior-General:

The morning after your cable arrived happened to be exceptionally cold, well below zero, but many of my flock walked several miles over these wind-swept mountains to attend a Requiem Mass for mother's soul. Then, too, these poor people gathered money to send to the other missions to have Masses said.

My little mission here is growing much better than my poor efforts warrant. As you know, it is mostly virgin territory; I have few Christians and no schools or other institutions whose care would take much of my time. My aim has been to get a foothold for the Faith in those towns through which the new railway, now advancing through my territory, will pass. It is rather regrettable that it is coming so soon, for these people now are unspoiled, simple, sincere peasants.

P. S. At Christmas, mother sent me three hundred dollars.

THE BEST GIFT OF ALL

There are no more signal benefactors of the missions than the unselfish donators of "stringless" gifts. In a great work like that of Maryknoll, unforeseen needs are constantly arising, both in this country and the fields afar. Only the Superior-General of the Society is in a position to appreciate which appeal for help is the most urgent. If benefactors leave him free to apply the gift where the need is greatest, they choose the most efficient way of aiding Maryknoll's work.

THE FIELD AFAR

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**TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD**

MOTHER Church does not let us lose sight of our Mother Mary. This month we commemorate her birth on the eighth, and her name day on the twelfth. Blessed Mary! Fortunate those who are called after her!

Place The Field Afar in your classroom this year.

IT was on the "great Mother's" name day that the soul of Father Price (Mary Bernadette he loved to be called) passed to God. Read, on page two hundred thirty-seven, a tribute by Msgr. Ford, one of Father Price's companions in China.

THE Students' Mission Crusade attracted some five hundred to Washington, D. C., in the warm month of June.

There are splendid possibilities in this organization which has spread its roots over a large section of the country. Properly instructed, these Catholic students of America will bring strength to the great mission aid Societies, and will provide zealous subjects for the work of evangelization at home and overseas.

The study of geography will acquire new interest if it is supplemented by descriptions of mission countries from The Field Afar.

COMING and going—and most of them going! So it seems as we run over the list of one hundred and twenty-five Maryknoll priests, and see how many—some eighty—have already gone the long road west, or east, to the Orient.

And now comes group number sixteen, eleven in all, happy in anticipation of the service that lies before them.



AS we write, the outgoing missionaries are making ready. They have been to their homes, and have made pleas, where openings could be found, to secure help, spiritual and material. They have seen old friends, and have been assured that they will not be forgotten; an assurance which the missionaries should and do take seriously, although they have been often told that time and distance have a blinding influence on most people.

And now they await impatiently the get-away.

Breathe for our departants a prayer for patience and perseverance, two indispensable graces for all of us, but for none more so than for the young priest or Brother who plans to put his life into the Oriental mold—to become all to all.

No course in Church History is complete which does not include a study of mission activities. Contemporary activities of American apostles are recorded in The Field Afar.

IN seeking a method of apologetics suited to our age why not give a thought to sacrifice?

As far as argument is concerned, who is likely to improve on Augustine and Newman? How appeal intellectually, anyhow, to minds that find opposition between religion and science; between authority and private judgment? Let us not expect even the crudest of crude distinctions from a people whose thinking is bounded by tabloid papers and celluloid spectacles.

Flash a picture of sacrifice on the screen. They can still feel, if they cannot think. That means less apologetics and more ascetics. Living the Faith in some heroic form is the best of arguments.

Missions are a vital part of the Church's activities, and should have a place in the teaching of Catechism. Catechism lessons are brought nearer home by mission articles in The Field Afar.

IT might be well for all Catholic school directors to take a leaf from the Boston archdiocesan parochial school examination paper on Religion. In the recent examination for the fourth grades, one of the ten questions proposed to the pupils was: *What can you do to aid the missions?*

When a tithe of the religious instruction is thus given to the subject of foreign missions, it needs no prophet to foresee that the children of the diocese will, from the very start, give the missions a proper share in their prayers and alms.

Making mission study a part of the curriculum confirms its place in the training of our children, and assures both teacher and pupil that the subject of missions is not an *extra* which can be dropped after graduation.

Education in the relative importance of the missions to the life of the Church is half the battle; it cannot be begun too early if America is to supply and support her quota of missionaries.

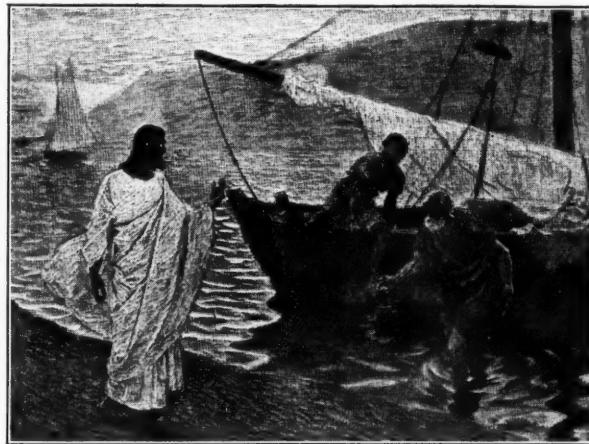
THREE are no two ways about it. The schools—parish grade schools, high schools, and colleges—should get THE FIELD AFAR a great circulation", so writes a widely known and highly respected American priest.

The first reason he gives is that THE FIELD AFAR is backing an American enterprise for souls which has attracted the attention and favor of Catholics throughout the world; an enterprise of which every American Catholic has reason to be proud.

The second reason—we do not blush because we are alone in the sanctum—is that "THE FIELD AFAR is in so many ways an elevating influence, a joy to young and old."

Thank you, Father. We can only say that nothing pleases us more than to see THE FIELD AFAR going into the hands of those who will carry its message to the next generation.

IN regard to new ideas, our country appears to adopt them slowly, and



And Jesus said to them: Come after me, and I will make you to become fishers of men. (Mark 1:17, 18)

The Bishop of Kongmoon Makes Some Observations

THE modern mind is not very modern, and it has very little to do with the conceded business of the mind. Dodging God is about its chief occupation. In this perennial endeavor of the human race there is more wishing than thinking; a better name for it would be the ancient "will".

The battle of today is with the heart; and that is a citadel that can be stormed only by charity. Giving a reason for the Faith that is in us will take various forms in varying periods. We owe the "other sheep" whatever they may happen to need; in our time that need is not argument, but the arresting spectacle of charity.

When charity takes the concrete and striking form of personal sacrifice, we have the best argument yet discovered for the purpose of addressing the human heart.

It is estimated that there are three hundred million farmers in China. They constitute three-fourths of the population. The other hundred million live in cities.

Into this situation now rides the iron horse of industrialization; it is the announced policy of the present government. With the peace and security that China now

enjoys, it had to come. Capital and enterprise the country never lacked. Factory chimneys will soon rival pagodas on the landscape of Cathay.

Will the boys leave the farm? Yea, and, likewise, yes; by the tens of thousands once the call comes. The Chinese farm is so little to leave—an acre or so of rice field from which only the barest living can be scraped. And the rosy dreams of youth are so confident! The boys will flock like an army marching.

What will happen to them? Many things; and few good ones in all likelihood. All the industrial evils of history will probably flourish as never before, and a few new ones will be invented—the Chinese touch nothing that they do not adorn.

But also there is a unique chance for leadership. Who will fight the battles for the boys from the farm? May it not be the Church? And if so, may we not hope that some able representative of the Church, highly trained in this special field, may soon appear.

Admirable indeed was the virtue of Hui; with a single bamboo dish of rice and a single gourd of drink, living in his mean, narrow

lane, he did not allow his joy to be affected.

This is not from *The Imitation* nor even from the Greek philosophers, but it is a sentiment preserved in the *Analects of Confucius*.

A hardy race it was that grew up on such ideals as this; one already half prepared for the religion of the Cross.

Why support missions? Is it not better to get out on the street corner and preach your religion? Indeed it is—or from the pulpit for that matter.

Yet what will the bulk of our people do who have no opportunity to propagate the Faith directly? How will they fulfill the command of preaching the Gospel to every creature?

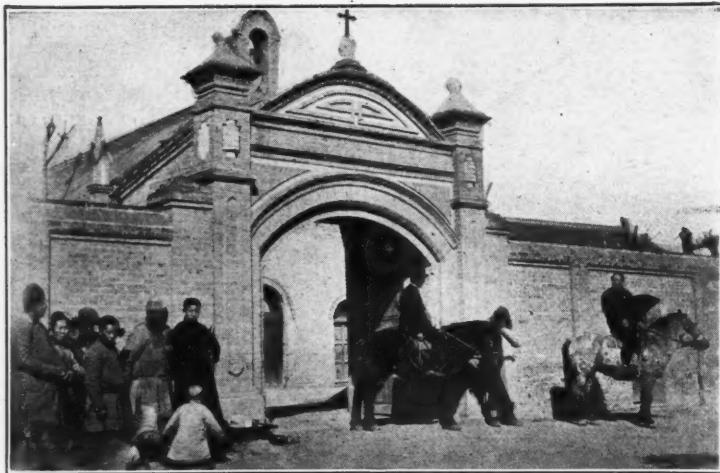
Supporting missions is at least one very simple and practical way for the ordinary Christian to satisfy this very serious obligation.

If we could persuade Catholic America to adopt the cause of missions whole-heartedly, our troubles would be over.

Do what you can in your corner to wake the sleeping giant. An America, truly apostolic, would promise much for God and souls.

BY THE WAY IN MANCHURA

The following account was written by Rev. Mr. Lane, on his return from a mission trip in Manchuria. The account is in his own words, and is intended to give a picture of life in Manchuria as he saw it.



(Photos from Fr. Lane)
AS MISSIONERS TRAVEL IN MANCHURIA

RECENTLY Fr. McCormack joined me in Fushun to prepare for our anticipated trip to the eastern part of the mission. We sent ahead to Ying P'an our Peking cart, drawn by three mules. As these conveyances are designed to carry one within, and no more, Tu, the boy chosen to accompany us on the trip, was instructed to hire an additional cart at this place for Fr. McCormack's use.

It was snowing heavily the morning we started across the river. At the station we found that the boy had been unable to secure a small cart; the best that he could do was to hire one of the large two-wheel wagons ordinarily used to transport grain. As the boy secured the use of this very reasonably, he was quite jubilant; of course we had to appear satisfied, although riding on top of a load of grain in a snow storm in this country is not a pleasant experience.

We were finally off about eleven. We partook of a ham sandwich lunch before we started, as we knew it would be dark before we should have our next meal. After we had traveled about two hours on a hard road, the sky cleared, and the air became quite comfortable. I was surprised to discover Fr. McCormack's ability to hold himself in place on top of the grain. Though he even took a nap occasionally, he maintained his perch; however, his head did describe some queer circles when the wagon struck particularly bad dips in the frozen ruts.

Shortly after noon we reached a steep hill, the bane of the horsemen of Manchuria. Several hundred wagons were lined up there; as the pass between the mountains is a narrow one, only one wagon can descend the hill at a time. We had to wait on top of the hill for more than an hour, and for a time it looked as if those who were going up would not allow us to descend. However, patience always wins in China.

At about five o'clock we put up for the night at a Chinese inn. This hotel, and others of its type, would provide interesting study for Mr. Statler. They usually have a courtyard, an acre or so in extent, surrounded by a high mud wall. In this section many of the hotels have gun towers from which to ward off bandits.

CHINA—VISITING THE STATIONS

en by Raymond A. Lane, director of Maryknoll mis-
anchuria since. Fr. Lane was recalled for the General
esent may be addressed at Maryknoll, New York

When a party enters the yard of an inn, one or two of the workmen are usually on hand. Their first move is to direct the animals to the *chiao-tze* or feed-box. This is about four feet long, a mere wooden trough in which straw, kao-liang, and bean cake are provided. These products make up a well-balanced ration; and it is wonderful what the little Mongolian ponies can do when decently fed.

After the horses had been unhitched and tied up to the feed-box, we unpacked the baggage and entered the inn, a large single room. An inn in this section ranges from sixty to one hundred and fifty feet in length, and it is usually planned with a southern exposure in order to save fuel.

We found that about two-thirds of our inn was used as a sleeping room. Long *k'angs*, or oven-beds, ran along the north and south walls. The kitchen was at one end of the long room. Our boy unpacked the cotton mattresses and comforters; we removed our shoes, folded up our legs, and took our first smoke.

All the cooking in Chinese inns is done at an open fire, or, as may frequently be the case, at many open fires. In a good sized inn there will be at least four fires burning away, with no such thing as a cover on the stove. When the kettles are removed, the flames reach a height of two to three feet.

The inn itself was so thick with smoke that I could hardly recognize Fr. Mac., two yards away. We looked in vain for a chimney; there was none in the whole establishment except, perhaps, those that carried the smoke from the *k'angs*.

Our voices became a bit husky, and our eyes watered continually. No wonder China is cursed with trachoma. However, this condition has been going on for ages, and it will continue to prevail; our friend "John" is a philosopher when it comes to putting up with what he considers a necessary evil.

We were lucky, and were given what was called a "guest-room". It was merely a section, about twenty feet square. The door was an opening through which men, dogs, pigs, and smoke passed continuously. We tried to make ourselves at home, and succeeded fairly well. After a few such



(Photos from Fr. Lane)
SOME STAGES OF THE JOURNEY

experiences I am sure both Fr. McCormack and I can qualify as firemen, at least so far as smoke-eating is concerned.

While we waited for the evening meal (which on a trip of this kind is usually the first good-sized meal of the day) the workmen at the inn, the inn-keeper's family, the teamsters, a few soldiers, and a policeman or two, inspected our faces, our clothes, and our belongings. In the meantime, they asked countless questions and gave us excellent practice in Chinese. They were pleased and surprised when we answered them in their own tongue.

The first question was invariably, "What is your honorable country?"; the second, "What may be your honorable business?" After they had us sized up to their heart's content, they began to estimate the possible advantage our presence might have for them. Foreigners are most welcome at the inns as the tips they give are usually larger than those offered by the natives. In some cases, if the inn is more than ordinarily dirty or ill-managed, the inn-keeper is willing to sacrifice the patronage of foreigners rather than "lose face" with them.

After we were seated an hour or so, the waiter wiped off a small table which he placed between us on the *k'ang*, as a sign that the dinner was ready. We did not let ourselves think too much about the condition of the rag which was used for this purpose, and which had been used a few moments before to clean out the bowls which were to contain our food.

The meal in a Chinese inn usually consists of three or four large-sized bowls of meat and vegetables. One of these invariably contains a mixture of chopped up pork and *suan-ch'ai*, Chinese sauerkraut. Since this has been boiled, one doesn't worry about the condition of the earthenware jars from which it has been taken. Another bowl may contain chopped up spare-ribs; and still another may carry fried potatoes if the inn is one of the more fashionable hostellries. Finally, there is the bowl of rice which can be refilled at will. To help all this down, boiling water is supplied, but in most inns each person provides his own tea leaves.

HOW DO YOU STAND?

Are you 100 per cent efficient in money matters? Hardly, if all your investments are for the few years between now and your death.

A MARYKNOLL ANNUITY means annual or semi-annual interest of at least five per cent, as long as you live. It also means that, by sharing in Maryknoll's mission labors, you are laying up treasures for your eternity. Send today for a leaflet on Maryknoll Annuities.

After riding six or seven hours on the open carts, with the temperature ranging from five to twenty degrees below zero, we did justice to this menu. The total charge was one *chang* per man, approximately fifteen cents gold. The animals were fed at the rate of three *chang* per night, forty-five cents gold. Our tip amounted to another *chang*, and so one night "set us back", as they say in the States, ten *chang*, one dollar and fifty cents gold. "Not so bad," you will say, "considering two teamsters, two priests, one boy, and six horses." Perhaps you are right, according to United States standards; but, to us, one dollar and fifty cents means one hundred and twenty dollars local currency, and it "looks big".

Speaking of tips, the custom at Chinese inns is quite unique. After the bill has been paid, the tip is usually given to the *chang-kuei-ti*, or proprietor, who calls out loudly just twice the amount of the tip. All of the workmen in the inn, no matter what they are doing or where they may be, repeat in unison the word *hsieh*, or thanks. The emphasis and volume of the answer depend, of course, on the amount of the tip.

At this first night's stop we had a good chance to do some medical work. It is customary for the missioner to carry with him a few simple remedies, as they give one an opening which later on may mean catechumens. We treated twenty-four cases at the inn, among them the proprietor. There is no doubt about the success of the medical apostolate if it is properly carried on. In Hsing-King there is a large and well-established Protestant mission with a hospital. A Dr. Leggett is in charge.

Wherever one travels within one hundred miles of Hsing-King, one hears the Chinese speaking of *Lei-Tai-Fu*, (Dr. Lei, or Leggett) and, if reputation is an indication of success, certainly this man has succeeded. From what we could gather he has broken down the prejudice against foreigners, and provided an opening for the question of Christianity.

The second day we set out about four. It was bitterly cold, particularly before the rising of the sun. Everything was covered with frost; the animals which had stood in the courtyard of the inn all night looked like spectres in the dusk; and after we were on the road a half-hour our own clothing was frosted from our moist breath. The teamsters that we passed along the way peered at us through faces framed in frost and icicles. Every individual hair in one's eyebrows remained stiff and frozen until an hour or so after sunrise. This sight, and the snow-covered hills through which we passed, together with the noise of creaking wheels and the frequent yells of teamsters directing the animals, provided an experience not easily forgotten.

About an hour after sunrise we found ourselves ready to cross the first mountain. The climb was a steep one, and on reaching the summit we were all asked to dismount. The wheels were tied to the body of the wagon, and then, to the accompaniment of much shouting and excitement, our carts made the descent along with many others. In such cases, all goes well if the cart can be kept to the middle of the road, but if the weight is too much the cart has a tendency to turn sideways; that very often means disaster

for the wagon, and sometimes death for the teamsters. On this particular descent two carts overturned at the bottom of the hill, but the horses seemed accustomed to the performance, and they remained quite motionless on the ground until the teamsters extricated them from their perilous position.

After crossing three mountains we felt that we had sufficient excitement for one morning, and so we decided to *ta chien* at about eleven o'clock. This is the term used for the midday feeding of the horses; the period also provided us with a chance to drink some tea and have some lunch. It took about an hour and a half for the animals to feed.

We had not gone far on the next lap of the journey before the teamsters on Fr. McCormack's wagon let out a vociferous yell. It was caused by the sudden disappearance of another teamster in our band. Because of his lack of experience, he had been getting into trouble all along the way. At this juncture we were crossing a small river, and, as we made the incline on the farther bank, the man in question fell from the top of his load of grain, striking his head on the ground. The bump made very little impression, however, as all of these lads are pretty well padded "top side" because of the cold. The man with us intimated that the fall would have had little effect on his friend's cranium, even without this head protection. At any rate, the boy returned to the wagon as though nothing had happened.

We tried to make Yung-Ling before dark, but did not succeed. When night fell we decided to put up at a small inn some eighteen *li* from our objective. We certainly had reason afterward to regret our choice. This inn had no separate room, and we were obliged to sleep on the *k'ang* with the teamsters. The inn itself was so poorly regulated that we were given little chance to talk or eat. It was so lacking in ordinary requirements that Fr. McCormack finally addressed the crowd, politely assuring them that we were human beings like themselves, and that, while we did not mind being looked at and talked about, we would appreciate a chance to go to bed. The inn-keeper himself and several of the older heads among the



CATECHIST APOSTLES

What missioner does not speak of native catechists? Bishop Walsh, Vicar Apostolic of the Maryknoll Kongmoon Mission, says of them:

The experience has been that the people are susceptible of conversion where the right means are employed. The most generally efficacious medium at the present day is probably the catechist. Where the catechist is an able and zealous man, he rarely fails to attract some good people who are fitted to accept—and likely to retain—the pearl of great price.

Placing a native catechist in the mission fields of China or Korea is a powerful means of winning souls for Christ. The salary of a catechist in the Maryknoll Missions of China is fifteen dollars a month. In Korea, where living expenses are greater, a minimum monthly wage of twenty dollars is needed.

crowd intimated that Fr. McCormack's talk was *chiang-li* (reasonable), and we were allowed a little peace. However, even after we had stretched out on the *k'ang*, curious Manchus walked up quietly, and peered down at our faces in order to make a study of the interesting species. I kept my eye on the bag that contained our funds, as the circumstances were not assuring. We were unmolested, however, and everything was in order the following morning.

Your Opportunity
FATHER, now Monsignor Ford, met the Maryknoll Superior in Rome last fall to work on the Constitutions of their Society, and both priests returned to Maryknoll—Fr. Ford after ten years in China—in time for Christmas. Since then Fr. Ford has been made Prefect Apostolic of Kaying, the mission in South China where he has labored.

Like all returned and returning missioners, Msgr. Ford has hoped to gather some American dollars for his work, especially for his little Seminary which has some very promising youngsters preparing for the priesthood. We know of few missioners, here or abroad, who are more deserving of help.

Articles by Francis X. Ford have been numerous in the past ten years, and they have been read with great interest by prelates and priests, as also by the laity. Rarely, if ever, has there been a direct appeal for money, and rarely enough has money resulted from the publication of his articles.

Msgr. Ford—let us whisper it aloud—has had a disappointing experience, and we fear that he will return to his beloved flock of Orientals with lessened affection for the Occident. He has remained for the Chapter of the Society, but his stay will now be short, and we urge those who know and admire his fine spirit not to let him return to his mission empty-handed, or nearly so.

ANONYMOUS

We acknowledge the receipt of fifty dollars from a Cincinnati friend whose name we do not know. It was sent in honor of the Sacred Heart in thanksgiving for a favor received.

HAVE YOU ONE?

The Maryknoll Mite Box on your mantel may well be considered the index of your charity, the measure of your thoughtfulness for others, and the extent of your self-denial for love of God and pagan souls.

A Memorable Summer at the Knoll

General Chapter—

BY the time this issue of THE FIELD AFAR reaches our friends, an event of great importance to Maryknoll will have passed into history.

That event is the first General Chapter of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. Its importance can be realized from the necessity of bringing no fewer than eight delegates across the Pacific, and two across the Atlantic; long journeys and expensive, notwithstanding minimum rates.

In all, there were sixteen delegates, including one bishop and two Prefects Apostolic.

The actual enrollment was as follows:

V. Rev. James A. Walsh
 Rt. Rev. James E. Walsh
 Rt. Rev. Msgr. P. J. Byrne
 Rt. Rev. Msgr. F. X. Ford
 Rev. William F. O'Shea
 Rev. Henry A. Dirckx
 Rev. Francis J. Winslow
 Rev. George A. Powers
 Rev. John J. Considine
 Rev. Adolph Paschang
 Rev. James A. Drought
 Rev. James G. Keller
 Rev. Frederick Dietz
 Rev. Bernard F. Meyer
 Rev. Raymond A. Lane
 Rev. William S. Kress

This General Chapter has been anticipated since the beginning of Maryknoll in 1911. In that year, our young Society received from Rome its commission. This was only a start. Five years later, in 1916, its first Constitutions were approved, and there came from Rome a welcome document known as the *Decretum Laudis* (*Decree of Praise*), with instructions to develop the institute under these Constitutions for ten years.

Since 1925 new Constitutions have been prepared, revised, examined, and approved by our superiors at Rome, at whose bidding the General Chapter was convoked for ratification of the Constitutions and to clear the way for final approbation by the Holy See.

All the delegates reached Maryknoll within a day or two of August first, the date set. It was a notable home-coming—rather we should call it a *return*, because those who came from the missions even now speak of "going home" to their adopted countries. Some had not seen the United States for ten years. All came directly to Maryknoll, and no one among them will forget his experience.

The Chapter opened with Mass of the Holy Ghost, and closed with a *Te Deum*.

The elections followed quickly on the explanation and ratification of the Constitutions. The results will appear in our next issue.

The newly elected officers will serve for ten years; that is, until the next regular General Chapter.

After the election, there was much to be done—new business that occupied long days in August; and a considerable task now lies ahead of us, to carry out the resolutions of the Chapter.

Co-operators—

MARYKNOLL, as all who have watched it know quite well, has grown rapidly, perhaps too rapidly to meet in full the requirements of its manifold activities. But its birth was not a day too early, and openings called for action. Besides, we live in an age of rapid developments, made possible by all kinds of time-saving devices, from telephones to addressographs, from automobiles to air-carriers.

Golden opportunities lie before us, but they can be grasped only with the co-operation of the Catholic-minded among the Faithful.

Thanks to God, such have been found in numbers sufficient to give to Maryknoll the necessary start and a reasonable measure of success. More co-operators, from those who know us and from others who till now have understood little or nothing of our work, must now come to our side.

You, dear reader, may consider your subscription to this paper as a gift. Honestly we do not, because you are receiving something for something, and out of your dollar there is no material profit to Maryknoll. If you are saying prayers for us and making sacrifices, that is indeed a gift, and a precious one that may secure for us from others the wherewithal to meet our opportunities.

But let us tell you something that may surprise you.

Periodically we have sent by special mail to our subscribers a request to help us out in a material way. Invariably a response came, but only from six or seven out of every hundred subscribers. Perhaps you were among these six or seven; perhaps not. Possibly you could not afford to send even a small gift; but it strikes us that more than six or seven should be found among each one hundred FIELD AFAR readers to back a work that is so timely and so important.

CO-OPERATION WITH CHRIST

No charity is more pleasing to God than the education of a young man for the eternal priesthood of His Divine Son. A number of future apostles to the pagans are entering Maryknoll's Preparatory Colleges this autumn.

If any friend desires to meet the expense, for one year, of training a Maryknoll apostle called to be a messenger of Christ, the gift of two hundred and fifty dollars will meet this purpose; and the student selected will gladly remember the spiritual needs of his benefactors.

Visitors to Maryknoll, bishops, priests, and lay folks, frequently say, "The Finger of God is here." We have reason to believe that they are right, and that, therefore, those who have made possible our progress are coöperating in a Divine work, and will receive a generous reward.

As we face the next chapter in the story of Maryknoll, grateful for all that has been done, we urge a larger measure of coöperation, spiritual and material.

We would have as a slogan, *Every Subscriber a Coöoperator.*

Sisters' Mother-House—

SHORTLY after the two organizers of Maryknoll began their work at Hawthorne, N. Y., a small group of lay-women offered themselves for clerical service.

They were welcome, and a small house was rented for them. They stayed in Hawthorne from January to October, 1912, about nine months, and in that period they experienced the ancient inconveniences of three houses as we recall. (Yes, their rent was paid in each.) That was seventeen short years ago, and now the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic (who rose from this small nucleus, and who number more than three hundred) are actually starting their Mother-House.

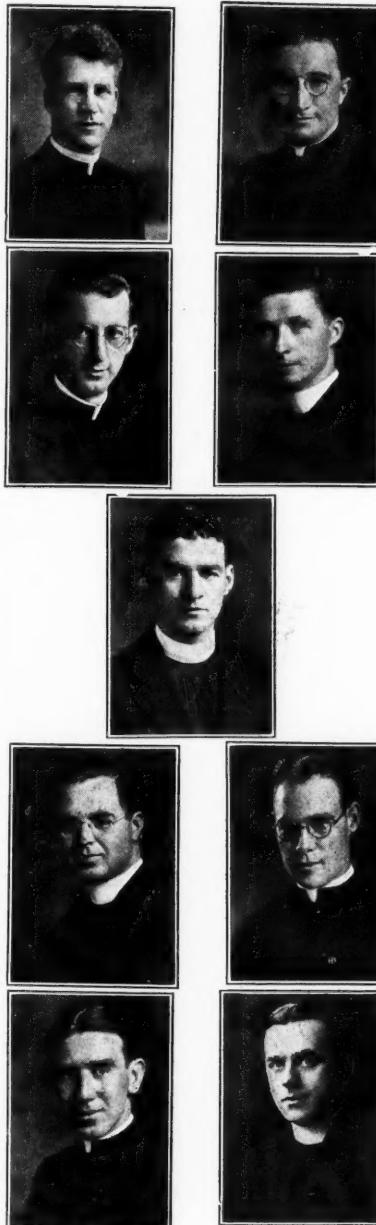
Some of our readers have kindly expressed substantial interest in this important venture. We wish that every friend of Maryknoll would purchase a few feet of the Sisters' land, or set a few bricks in the great building which it is their privileged task to erect for the generations that are to come.

Visitors—

AMONG prominent visitors during the summer were the Right Reverend Rudolph A. Gerken of Amarillo, Texas, and the Right Reverend Monsignor Paul Morella, Auditor of the Apostolic Delegation. Monsignor Morella

"From cover to cover", its friends repeatedly quote.

OUR LATEST ORDAINED.



Fr. Mulcahy *Fr. Burke*
Fr. O'Donnell *Fr. Dempsey*
Fr. Malone
Fr. Murphy *Fr. Hannon*
Fr. Regan *Fr. Donaghy*

has in many ways expressed his sympathetic interest in the work of our young Society.

The Departants—

ASSIGNMENTS to the missions were made before July the first. These are always an interesting, even an exciting, incident in Maryknoll life. They bring joy to those chosen and passing disappointment to over-anxious expectants.

The news affects relatives in different ways, according to the circumstances and dispositions; but almost invariably it draws forth the fine trait of the Christian soul, summarized in two inspiring words—God's Will.

In the Departure of 1929, the following will participate:

To Kongmoon, China
Rev. Martin Burke
(Brooklyn, N. Y.)

To Kaying, China
Rev. James F. O'Day
(Providence, R. I.)
Rev. Fred Donaghy
(New Bedford, Mass.)
Bro. Anthony
(Carthage, N. Y.)

To Kwangsi, China
Rev. Arthur Dempsey
(Peekskill, N. Y.)
Rev. William Mulcahy
(Framingham, Mass.)
Rev. Joseph Regan
(Fairhaven, Mass.)

To Fushun, Manchuria
Rev. John O'Donnell
(New York City)
Rev. Albert Murphy
(Springfield, Mass.)

To Hong Kong
Rev. Francis A. Bridge
(Midland, Pa.)

"Propagandizing"—

WE have few priests to spare for outside propaganda, and in this past scholastic year we encouraged two out of three, Rev. Joseph C. Stack and Rev. John Coulehan, to confine themselves largely to the subject of vocations and prayers. They visited schools in New England, New York, and Ohio (Cincinnati diocese), and we have good reason to look for happy results.

Fr. Joseph Donovan is one of the few priests whom we spare for what we call Field Afar propaganda. Fr. Donovan was ordained nine years ago, and following his ordination was missioned to China.

His experiences were varied, and some of them very trying, tasking his then frail body to the utmost.

After two years he was recalled, and with restored health began a much needed work—the visitation of dioceses and parishes where welcome could be found in the several sections of this great country.

Fr. Donovan's latest activities were in the diocese of Wilmington where priests and people received him most kindly. It could hardly have been otherwise, since he was supplied with the following letter from Bishop Fitz Maurice:

I hope Fr. Donovan does well in Wilmington. It is a pleasure and privilege for me to be able to help Maryknoll. This represents our solitary adventure into foreign mission fields, and we should rightly feel disgraced were we to suffer it to languish for lack of support.

"Movies and Talkies"—

MOVING pictures of Catholic mission lands are few as yet, but, among them all, we have found those of the Little Sunda Islands (in the South Seas), presented by Fr. Simon P. Buick, S.V.D., to be the most attractive.

Fr. Buick kindly exhibited these pictures for the Seminary and faculty at the Maryknoll Centre, and later for the Sisters.

Where They Hall From—

PRIEST visitors to the Knoll are always interested to know what Colleges and Preparatory Seminaries supply our Major Seminary. We find that fully two-thirds of last year's students came from our own Preparatory College, the Vénard, ready to enter on their third year of college. Others have made their studies as follows:

At Maryknoll Junior Seminary, Los

Altos, Calif., 5; at *Holy Cross*, Worcester, Mass., 5; at *St. Francis*, Brooklyn, N. Y., 5; at *Boston College*, 4; at *St. Mary's*, Baltimore, 4; at *Fordham College*, N. Y. C., 3; at *Columbia College*, Dubuque, Iowa, 2; at *Cathedral College*, N. Y. C., 2; at *St. Charles College*, Baltimore, 2.

We also have one representative from each of the following:

St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, N. Y.; *St. Thomas Seminary*, Hartford, Conn.; *Sacred Heart Seminary*, Detroit; *St. Francis Seminary*, Milwaukee; *St. Joseph's Seminary*, San Francisco; *St. Peter's Seminary*, London, Ontario; *Cathedral College*, Brooklyn; *Cathedral College*, Toledo; *Mount St. Mary's*, Emmitsburg; *Canisius College*, Buffalo; *Assumption College*, Worcester; *St. Bonaventure's College*, Newfoundland; *Stratford College*, Can-

The Spirit that Counts

WHEN news reached this country of the tragic murder by Chinese bandits of three fine young Passionist Fathers, there were some people—good, but lacking the science of the saints—who naively asked us if we did not anticipate a falling-off in vocations to Maryknoll.

Centuries ago St. Paul answered this question when he wrote: "For I am sure that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor might, nor height, nor depth,



CINCINNATI MAKES A STOP OVER AT THE KNOll
Msgr. Vehr; His Grace, Archbishop McNicholas; Fr. Walsh; Msgr. Albers

ada; *Seton Hall*, N. J.; *Manhattan College*, N. Y. C.; *Gonzaga College*, Washington, D. C.; *St. Ignatius College*, Brooklyn; *St. Edward's Hall*, Calif.; *Des Moines Academy*; *Marquette University*, Milwaukee; *St. John's Preparatory College*, Danvers, Mass.

nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Today's answer comes in a lengthened roll of applicants for our colleges, and in two brave notes from boys in Cincinnati, the home of one of the Passionists:

I hope to go to China as Fr. Walter did. When the pastor of St. Michael's Church went to Germany, Father Walter took his place. While Father Walter was here, I served under him; therefore I am proud to say I served Mass for a martyr of the true Church. (Seventh Grade)

The martyrdom of those three Passionist priests, one Father Walter formerly of Cincinnati, helped to bind me more closely to the foreign missions. I sincerely hope to be a martyr, too, some day, if it is God's Will. (Freshman—High School)

OUR SEATTLE JAPANESE

Fr. Murrett writes

THERE is enough to do at home! It is an old cry when the subject of foreign missions is broached, yet often those who utter it fail to meet their home opportunities.

Maryknoll-in-Seattle presents an opportunity to such right now. Within the past few years much interest in the Catholic Church has been awakened in the Japanese of Seattle, and a proportionately good number of converts has been made. Just at present there are great possibilities if sufficient accommodations can be provided.

In 1920 Bishop O'Dea wrote to the Maryknoll Superior for helpers in his work for the Japanese.

The Society could spare no priest at that time, but two Sisters went to Seattle that year and began a kindergarten for Japanese children. Their work was discouraging at times, and it was trying, because of local antipathy to the Nippone. Gradually, however, the number of children increased from a handful to twenty-five and then to fifty. In 1922 the Sisters were joined by other members of their community. A residence and hall were secured, and with additional space the Sisters were enabled to take more children.

In September, 1926, a first grade was added for the kindergarten "graduates", and a regular Sunday Mass was started. The children made a public tri-duum at Pentecost in 1927, and then, as if overnight, second and third grades were added, and adults were baptized. When the Japanese Bishop visited the Seattle mission in March, 1928, he confirmed thirty subjects. In August of that same year twenty-four adults were baptized, and at Christmas eighteen more. Today Seattle's Japanese mission counts one hundred and forty Catholics out of a congregation of two hundred and twenty-five, all regular

THE SKEETER'S LULLABY

(Translated literally from the Chinese of *Wun Bung Wing*, who might as well be nameless.)

The darkness grows thicker
In this ever-darkened room;
The peanut-oil lamp's flicker
Glowes ghastly in the gloom.

From our roost beneath the ceiling
Where we doze away the day,
We sally forth a-squealing,
For our nocturnal prey.

When you hear us sweetly humming,
Though we do not fly with lights,
You will know that we are coming;
You will feel our stings and bites.

And despite your slaps and curses,
We will thrill your ears with song.
We do not mind reverses,
For the night is very long.

attendants at Sunday Mass. In the meantime a fourth school grade has been added, although in quarters that are inadequate.

The debt has been but slightly diminished during the last five years, and the kindergarten, school, and Home for Children have just barely been able to meet expenses. And now there is urgent need for a school and a church, if this cause of souls is not to suffer.

The assurance of the Bishop, that a small portion of the grant made by the American Board of Missions will be provided for this work, is the only help in sight. Yet this grant will not meet the interest on a loan which must come from the Center again. And just here, may we look to those who assure us that "there is enough to do at home"?

Thomas is one of our Seattle hopefuls. He is taught by Sister Jane to whom he recently addressed the following note:

Dear Sr. Mary Jane:

I am the boy who spelled getting wrong. Now I could spell getting *write*. Thank you for telling me how to spell getting *write*.

Your pupil,
Thomas Sasaki.

HOMELAND CONVERSIONS

ONE here, another there, a little group elsewhere! If we could only find propagandists along the

line to interest themselves in Orientals living in the United States, one could add grateful souls to the sheepfold of Christ.

Here is a letter from the Visitation Convent in St. Paul. It tells its own story:

Last Sunday six Chinese children were baptized here in St. Paul at the Cathedral. The zealous woman through whose influence these souls have been won to Christ, and who is providing Catholic education for the children, brought them with their parents to visit us after the ceremony.

The little Chinese mother speaks no English, and the father is far from proficient in our language. In order to instruct these parents, both of whom desire to be received into the Church, one of the little boys must be employed as interpreter. Instruction in this manner has proved a very slow task to those who have undertaken it. The father reads Chinese. Simple explanations of Christian Doctrine in their native language would greatly hasten the bringing of the full light and grace of Christ to these two earnest, upright souls.

Therefore, I am coming to you to ask where Catholic Catechisms and Catholic literature printed in Chinese can be purchased.

MEMORIAL ROOMS

If you have been blessed with a generous share of this world's goods, why not consider the idea of a Memorial Room in the Maryknoll Seminary? The amount required for such a room is five hundred dollars, and a commemorative plaque bearing your name will be placed on the door.

Your name on the door of a seminarian's room at Maryknoll means that, now and after you have left this world, you will be remembered in prayer by a long succession of apostles to the heathen, perhaps even by martyrs of Christ.

One hundred and twenty-three rooms at five hundred dollars each, have already been taken in the Maryknoll Seminary. Seventy-seven are still open to benefactors. Will one of them be yours?

Oriental Students in Western Lands

AT the Students' Mission Convention in Washington, Maryknollers met a young Chinese from Peking. He is a Catholic, and has studied law in this country. He wished to attend a Catholic institution, but could find none to take an interest in him. He made a fine impression on all who met him.

Fides Service reports the visit of ten Chinese students to the Lateran Palace Mission Exhibit in Rome. They were from universities at Lyons and Fribourg. The students took pride in the fact that the chairs occupied by Cardinal Gasparri and Premier Mussolini were gifts from missioners in China.

Growing interest in Catholic Chinese students has been manifested by three further replies to our letter sent to Catholic colleges asking for free board and tuition for two young Orientals who desire to come to America to study. St. Anselm's Abbey, Manchester, New Hampshire, and St. Thomas' College of St. Paul, Minnesota, have offered to assist these young men. Manhattan College of New York has also offered tuition.

A writer in a recent issue of the *New York Times* notes that at present there are ten thousand students from one hundred and twenty nations registered in American institutions of learning. He says that within the last six years the number from the Orient has steadily increased.

Last year there were six hundred and nineteen from Japan, twelve hundred and ninety-eight from China, and one hundred and ninety-three from Korea.

Columbia University in the metropolis of New York is the great magnet for foreign students. It has an actual enrollment of

eight hundred and ninety-five from more than fifty nations.



JOHN CHANG

A student in New York some years ago; today an instructor for Maryknollers in Korea

When Mr. Lo Pa Hong, the well known Catholic layman of Shanghai, visited Chicago to attend the Eucharistic Congress, he made a remark which is now being quoted by several publications that have begun to note the growing interest in Chinese students. Mr. Lo said:

Modern learning with its atheistic tendencies has swept completely across Japan. Even now the materialistic culture of Europe and America is being brought into China by her returned university students. The whole nation is anxious for Western civilization, but unless the Chinese receive Catholic civilization they will become as materialistic as their neighbors.

THE Chinese student in America is a vital problem which we Catholics must help to meet.

Too many of these youths leave

their country before they have learned well their own language and traditions. They return with hardly more than a veneer of Christian civilization, and often with a lessened appreciation of our race.

Of the Catholic Church they learn little or nothing while here. Yet everyone who comes in close contact with the Chinese student becomes alive to great possibilities of development that are his.

One of our priests writes from the interior province of Kwangsi:

I hope that our work among the Chinese students in America will continue and develop. We have been sadly lacking in this line. Over here one sees the crying need of such activity. The future leaders of the Chinese are the returned students. At present the Militarists hold the whip, but that cannot go on forever. Gradually the rank and file of the people are absorbing some education. They are "fed up" on civil wars and revolutions.

The Church over here finds herself poorly represented among the *literati* in the field of higher education. Here in Wuchow with all its progress, there is not a Catholic who is outstanding. We have a few who learned English in Canton or Hong Kong, but they rate only about middle class. We are without native leaders. The returned students are Protestant, or know Christianity as Protestantism, and have little or incorrect information about the Church. Many are of the belief that the Church is superstitious and practices idolatry; it is what they have been told. I have one lad who though very clever finds it hard to distinguish between Christianity and Protestantism. He speaks of his Protestant friends as Christians, and of himself as Catholic. One influential or educated Catholic is worth one hundred peasants to the work.

"FOR SALE"

Land, stones, bricks for sale! Buy now, and help us to complete our unfinished Seminary and Venerable Preparatory College. Send for building cards—to be filled by you, or your friends. Many mites work wonders.



Crusade .. Votes

WHEN Maryknoll's representatives returned from the National Convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade in Washington, it was with renewed appreciation of the great part which the Crusade has played in America's foreign mission movement.

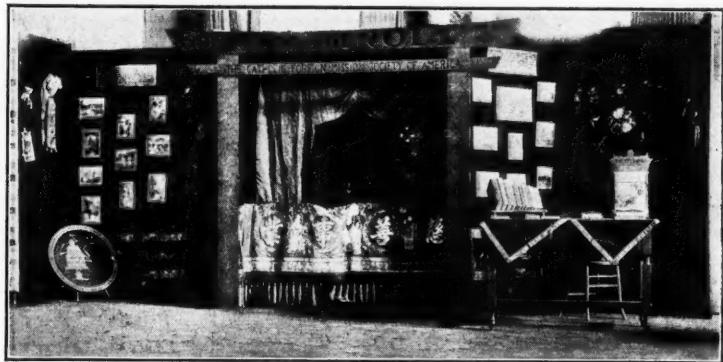
Our delegates brought back, too, a strengthened desire to have the Crusade Units keep in close touch with the work of Maryknoll. Many do, through THE FIELD AFAR and other mission literature, but we look forward to the day when every Unit will give Maryknoll a definite place in its program of mission education.

During the past school year we welcomed both spiritual and material help from some crusaders.

Near the end of the term the St. Ambrose College Unit of Davenport, Iowa, sent a substantial gift of \$200.00 for Father Meyer in China. We congratulate Father Meyer upon the loyal support which comes from his native state. In Iowa, Father's mission work has the interest of Crusaders, ranging from first graders to college graduates. How much it would mean if every missioner had a Unit working and praying for him!

After a visit to Maryknoll last spring and a meeting with Monsignor Ford, the Mission Committee of St. Saviour's High School, Brooklyn, determined to build a Catechist Burse for the Kaying Mission. Such a foundation will support a catechist in perpetuity. Some good work was done by St. Saviour's girls before the close of school, and we anticipate much splendid cooperation in the future.

The Senior Unit of St. Stephen School, Port Huron, Mich., sent to Maryknoll an outline of their mission work during the past year, and it substantiated the secretary's claim of a "real live" Unit. Maryknoll literature fills a place in their educational program, especially in the preparation of debates. Incidentally, St. Stephen's Senior and Junior Units know how to make money for the missions.



MARYKNOLL'S BOOTH AT THE C.S.M.C. CONVENTION
A glimpse of one corner in the Crusaders' 1929 "Hall of Fame"

Seminary Units have always ranked first among Maryknoll's Crusade benefactors, and we in turn have always placed a special value on their co-operation.

The Academia of St. John's Seminary, Brighton, Mass., have completed their \$5,000 Burse; the Dunwoodie Seminary Burse is well under way, through the zeal of New York's priestly aspirants at Yonkers; and the Sacred Heart Seminary Burse took a good leap forward recently when the Sacred Heart Seminarians of Detroit, Mich., sent a check for \$150.00. All of these Burses will provide, by their yearly interest, for the training of a student at the Maryknoll major seminary, and for generations to come they will bear witness to the apostolic spirit of seminary Crusaders.

The Bl. Isaac Jogues Unit of the North American College in Rome is faithful to its annual quantity subscription to THE FIELD AFAR and an accompanying "stringless" gift.

The thoughtful interest of the Cardinal Mercier Unit in the American College at Louvain was manifested by a gift of three sets of breviaries. These were received as the last missioners' trunks were being packed, and fitted in perfectly.

To these and all our student co-workers a fervent Maryknoll blessing!



STUDENT MISSIONERS AT SETON HIGH SCHOOL, CINCINNATI
Shipping 72 tons of magazines and papers, collected in a one-week drive.
Proceeds of \$634.85 contributed to the missions.

ADOPT A MARYKNOLLER



THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR LEAGUE



Our Honor Banner

THE artistic Maryknoll banner which is awarded each month to the most enterprising group of Junior workers has become an object of worthy rivalry in the League.

"It's the early bird that catches the worm," so if you would win a Maryknoll banner for your Alma Mater, begin your mission team work now. Both elementary and high schools are eligible. The following schools carried off the honors during the last term:

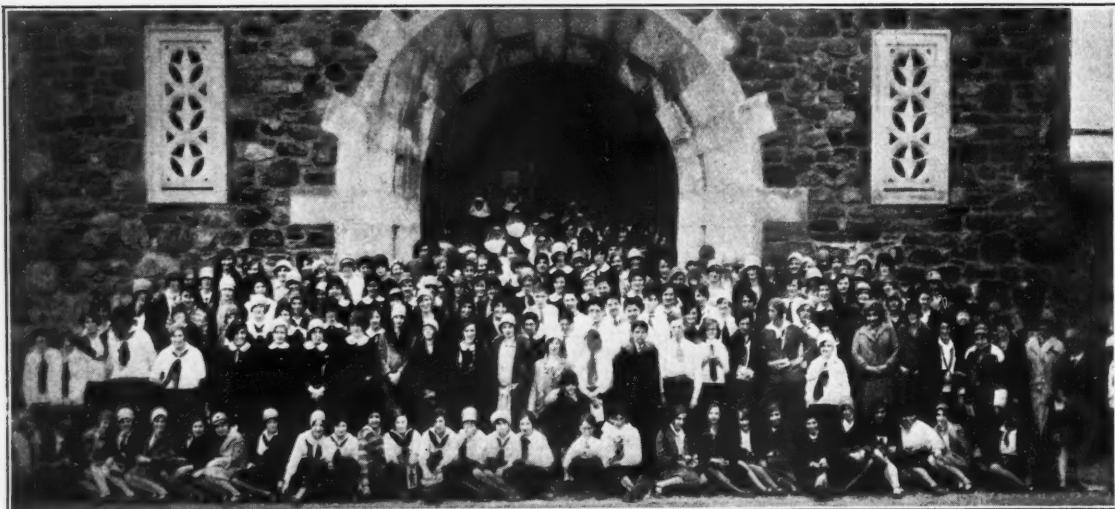
Blessed Sacrament School, New Rochelle, N. Y.; St. Rose's School, Crofton, Neb.; St. Peter's School, Worcester, Mass.; Our Lady of Lourdes School, Jamaica Plain, Mass.; St. Peter's School, Janesville, Wis.; Holy Family Academy, Beaverville, Ill.; Junior Aloysians, Academy of the Sacred Heart, New York, N. Y.; All Saints' School, Bridesburg, Pa.; Our Lady of Lourdes School, New York, N. Y.



PRIZE JUNIORS, JANEVILLE, WIS.



A-VISITING FROM OUR LADY OF THE ANGELS' SCHOOL, BROOKLYN



NEW YORK, THE BRONX, BROOKLYN, AND LONG ISLAND CITY MEET ON OUR DOORSTEPS

WORK FOR THE MISSIONS

Welcome To Maryknoll

THIS familiar phrase floats merrily on Hudson breezes when it's "Junior Day" on our hilltop.

Around the close of the last school session we had the pleasure of welcoming many of our young co-workers right on this missionaries' training ground. How do Juniors get to Maryknoll? On a school picnic, and "what a picnic!" they all agree it is.

The following letter is typical of the cordial notes which overflow Father Chin's mail bag after one of these delightful visits:

"Everybody is still talking about the wonderful time we had at Maryknoll. It was one of the happiest days of our lives. Just mention 'Maryknoll' and there's a great cheer in our classroom. China and Japan do not seem such distant lands now. We are ready, one and all, to take another trip to Maryknoll."



THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR LEAGUE



A MISSION CLUB ON A "MARYKNOLL PICNIC"

New Rochelle Juniors of Blessed Sacrament School, with their
Rev. Director

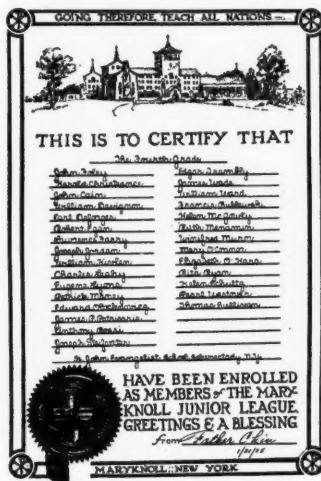
ONE of Father Chin's faithful correspondents inquired recently, "How many Maryknoll Juniors are there?" Without a census, we would say that there are many hundreds of Juniors stretching from coast to coast, and from border to border.

But, just as with actual missionaries, priests, Brothers, and Sisters, so with Maryknoll's Junior helpers, their numbers are not nearly

adequate. Since, like real missionaries, too, the Maryknoll Juniors never say "enough",—they will get more boys and girls to join their League.

Besides the certificate, Juniors receive official pins and blotters. There are posters, too, for "mission corners". And last but not least, some grand surprises are in store for this term's Juniors!

Enroll now, and enjoy them all.



MEMBERSHIP CERTIFICATE
For Junior group enrollments

Puzzle Corner

1. ACROSTIC

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*

If you guess each of these four-letter words correctly, the first letters will spell the present month.

1. What a missioner wishes to save.
2. The part of the world in which there are many pagan lands.
3. The best way to help the missioner.
4. Loyal.
5. Always.
6. What we put in a mite box.
7. Small particles to be saved.
8. What the missioner combats.
9. The principal food of China.

2. MISPLACED SPACES

NAT IV IT YOFO URLA DY

Arrange the spaces correctly and you will find a Feast of this month. The Maryknoll missioners usually leave for the Orient sometime near this date.

3. WORD ARITHMETIC

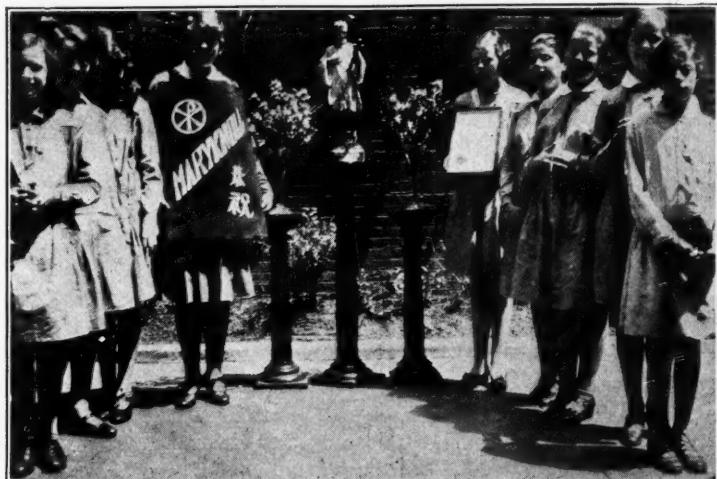
Take the *principal food* of China. Prefix the letter *P*, and you will get a *co-founder* of Maryknoll. Then add a suffix meaning *without*, and you will have the value of a pagan's soul.

Puzzle Prizes Awarded Monthly

MAY PUZZLES ANSWERED

1. Hidden Name: Theresa
2. Typewriter Puzzle: Mary
3. Mission Arithmetic: 32

Prize Winner, Mary E. Lynch, Presentation Academy, Watertown S. Dak.



"JUNIOR ALOYSIANS" WITH THEIR BANNER AND CERTIFICATE
Our zealous baby-ransoms of Sacred Heart Academy, New York City

BOOST THE LEAGUE



THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR LEAGUE



Chin Wrinkles

TOMMY PROCRASTINATION

You know, Father, baseball is the main event now. I say to myself in the morning, "I'll write to Father Chin at three o'clock when school is dismissed." When three o'clock comes I say, "I'll write to Father Chin after supper," and then I go out and play ball. After supper I say to myself, "I'll write to Father Chin after I study," and by the time I finish my studies it is time to go to bed, and I haven't written to you!

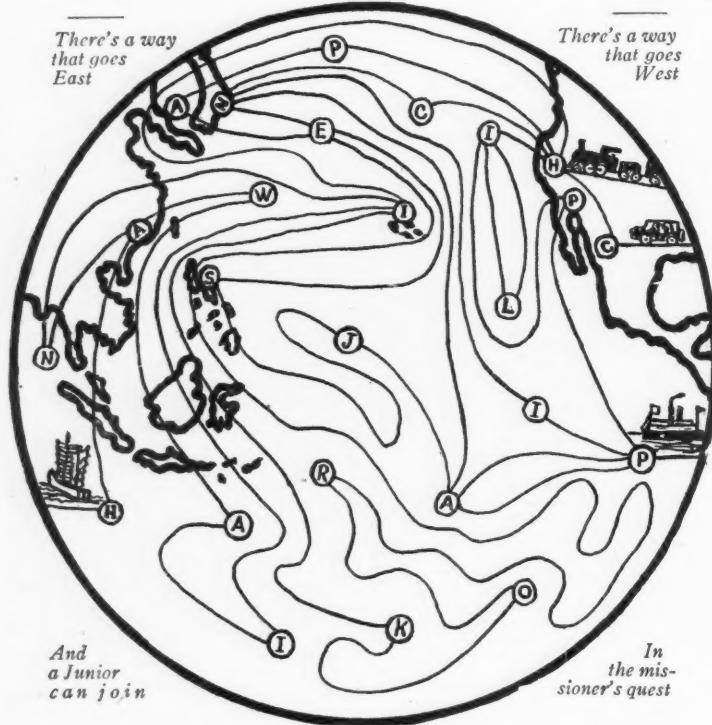
Thomas Brennan, Newark, N. J.

MARYKNOLL BUILDERS

We have chosen the beautiful feast of the Sacred Heart to send you a donation for the new Maryknoll in Cincinnati. We promise to pray that some generous benefactors will help you to build the new Maryknoll.—Caddie Reenan, Academy of the Sacred Heart, Clifton, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AND HOW WE ENJOY YOUR LETTERS!

I don't usually write such long letters, but I'm doing it to entertain you because you're my best friend.—Nadine Marie Eccleston, Beaverville, Ill.



SUPPORT A CATECHIST

DEAR JUNIORS:

Ten years ago this month Father Price died in China. Most of you know who Father Price was. For many years he was a missioner in North Carolina, and later he helped to found Maryknoll. He went to China with the first group of Maryknoll missioners, although at that time he was quite old. He was in China only a year, but in that short space the people grew to love him and to respect his saintliness.

Today I was reading a letter he wrote to one of his Junior friends just a month before he died, and the thought struck me that this would be just the thing to read at the beginning of the school year when once again we ask ourselves, "Why am I a Junior? What am I going to do this year?"

Here is the letter: "You ask me how you can help. First, do as you are doing—pray for the work—and then, if you are able, help to buy some babies so that we may baptize them. But better still, if you are able, get money for a catechist who will instruct the Chinese for one year. Be sure that in whatever way you help you will please the Immaculate Mother. I ask Our Lord and His Immaculate Mother to bless you."

There we have our work all summed up for us; no explanation is needed. All together now for a banner year!

Yours for the missions,

Father Chin

THE PUZZLE DRAWING—Can you find your way to five Maryknoll mission countries? If so, start at one of the letters which leads from the circle. Spell out the country, and continue from that country to the next. You may not go over any route twice, although you may go to any letter any number of times. If the letter you choose does not take you to the five countries, you must begin over at another letter.

Circles

[A Maryknoll Mission Circle is a group of persons, young or old, who aim to cultivate in themselves and others a knowledge of Catholic foreign missions, to pray for the mission cause, and to help provide for the special needs of Maryknoll, at home and in the mission field. Circles formed in a parish are urged to secure the approval of their pastors and are requested to send their offerings through the diocesan mission office where such exists.]

Address

Circle Director, Maryknoll, N. Y.

THE Little Flower finds many ways to aid the missions and to show her affection for them; one is by securing new friends to work for the cause. The Little Flower Circle, recently formed in California, supports a student at the Maryknoll Junior Seminary in Los Altos. The members may be sure of the intercession of their mission-loving patroness for the success of their activities.

The Sacred Heart Circle of San Francisco is a recent comer to Circle-land. These friends are also interested in helping to provide for the future missioners who are studying at Los Altos; they keep the altar needs in mind, too, and supply linens for the Holy Sacrifice.

When rumors of "prayers for rain" reach the Circle Director's office, they cause a broad smile; though all on the Knoll look anxiously for the downpour which will prevent the impending water shortage, the Circle Director claims to receive a shower a day. As usual, the Circle members have been most generous in helping to fill the trunks of the outgoing missioners. Everything from a tooth-brush to a sheet, from a can-opener to a frying-pan, is welcome, and finds its corner in an over-sea case.*

"There is nothing like them. They fit in everywhere." The Circle Director was speaking of stringless gifts, and went on to name several Circles that had sent in this particularly welcome form of help. The Blessed Virgin Circle of New Bedford, Mass., has accomplished a surprising amount of good by spreading mission interest, and has been

**Maryknoll Sisters' Novena
to Our Lady of
Perpetual Help**

1. The novenas are continuous, a new one starting as soon as one ends.
2. Mass is offered every Thursday for the novena intentions.
3. The novenas are made in every Maryknoll convent throughout the world.
4. In addition to prayers, the Sisters offer innumerable acts of sacrifice and mortification.
5. Mention your petitions when asking for prayers.
6. No offering is necessary.

The shrine picture at Maryknoll has touched the miraculous picture at Rome.

Votive lights will be burned before this shrine during the novenas, for the intentions of those who make an offering for the works of the Maryknoll Sisters.

*Send communications to
MOTHER MARY JOSEPH
Maryknoll N. Y.*

able to gather a substantial stringless offering; likewise, gifts have come from St. Leo's Maryknoll Circle of Fall River, Mass.; the Pittston Vénard

Circle, Pittston, Pa.; the Ladies' Society of Boston, Mass.; and St. John the Evangelist Circle, New York City.

A Holy Name Society in Hyde Park, Mass., and the St. Aloysius Circle of New York City, have been faithful to the catechists they are supporting. If the members of these Societies could realize the help they thus give to missioners, they would be more than repaid for their generosity.

The Mary Carroll Guild of New York City has earned our special thanks by sending an excellent supply of mission goods. This Guild is one of the many groups of friends upon whose coöperation we can always depend.

CIRCLE MEMBERS:

*Please address "Shower" boxes
to The Circle Director, Maryknoll,
New York.*

The new American bank notes are a curiosity at Maryknoll. If you send one along it will register high with your Circle Director.

THEY SAY

Your paper is a gem.—*Mass.*

THE FIELD AFAR is worth many times one dollar a year.—*N. Y.*



CIRCLERS AT CHI RHO CHALET

The chalet itself is a delight, and the grounds are gradually shaping into an ideal recreation spot

PRAY FOR MISSIONERS

Notes and Bank Notes



A THOUGHTFUL friend has given to Maryknoll the first new American bank note that came into his possession. If you follow this example, you will lighten a heavy burden.

The past month's receipts were sympathetic with our summer water supply—for a time the well ran pretty dry. Of course, there was always a trickle—for which we were grateful; and God has been so good to us that, even with obligations pressing and outlays ahead, we were hopeful of refreshing showers.

The big gifts of the month were three, each of five thousand dollars.

One was a burse which we must keep intact, using only the interest for a student. The second was an altar for our Preparatory College at Los Altos, California. (By the way, the Preparatory College altar at the Vénard awaits a benefactor as yet.) The third was a stringless gift which we applied to our debt for new construction at the Vénard, an obligation which will take some years to cancel, but which we expect to see gradually disappear.

Several wills matured, ranging from three dollars up to two thousand.

Mission gifts were low, and we were disappointed that we were not able to send larger monthly checks to the field. We know that these regular remittances are anticipated with eager interest, and we like to vision our missionaries smiling when reading a letter from the Mother-Knoll.

Above, we made reference to our recently completed Preparatory College—the Vénard. After roofing the College proper, we turned our attention to Saint Michael's Chapel which will be dedicated to the memory of Rt. Rev. Michael J. Hoban, D.D.

Some gifts have already been received for this chapel from friends of the late revered prelate; others are now invited.

When the chapel is finished, a commemorative tablet will be placed on one of its walls, inscribed with the names of those contributing one thousand dollars or over.

Thirty-one States were represented in our latest monthly list of new subscribers.

The total was 3,760, with California, Delaware, New Jersey, New York, and Alabama leading in the order named.

THE EDIFYING WORD

ENCLOSED you will find a money order for seventeen dollars and ninety cents. Part of it represents little sacrifices I made here and there, and the rest of it is money made by overtime work since school let out. I promised the Sacred Heart that I would donate to some poor missioner in China what overtime money I should earn during the school vacation, asking that He would keep my children good and out of mischief during the summer, as I have to work. So here is my first two weeks of overtime salary, and I ask that the good Father say a prayer for my kiddies during these vacation days.

The enclosed check for such a trifling amount means the sacrifice of my vacation funds, much needed because of a recent severe illness. However, that is perhaps one reason why I, a hard-worked trained nurse, elderly and ill, can appreciate how necessary is a Rest House at Sancian for the poor missioners. Since reading Bishop Dunn's splendid article, I determined to hearten your efforts with a small sum at least; it is accompanied by many prayers for the success of your great work, the Sancian Island part in particular.—Calif.

PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES

Living: Reverend Friends, 4; E. S.; W. J. B.; Mrs. J. J. H. and relatives; R. F. F. and relatives; M. C. M. and relatives; Mr. and Mrs. J. C.; A. C. B.; B. E. and M. McG.; M. R.; C. M. J.; M. McC.; Mrs. J. R. McC.; T. K.; M. E. L.; Mr. and Mrs. J. D.; A. M. S.; C. C. D.; C. F. D.; E. F. P.; H. P. G.; L. J. A. and family; A. L.; Mrs. P. J. M. and relatives; J. D.; L. R.; H. O. H. and relatives; C. G. S.; N. S. and relatives; C. M. G. Mary Benson; B. E. C.; E. J. M.; M. E. D.; M. C. G.; T. J. H. and family; J. S.; A. C. R.; J. I. S.; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. M.; R. R. D.; M. J. B.; C. G. B.; C. E. S.; E. T. C.; E. D.; H. C.; E. S.; M. A. M.; L. C. C.; T. J. R. and relatives; for the persons of the intention of R. R.; M. O'C. and relatives.

Deceased: James G. Carroll; Edward Cavanaugh; John T. Glover; John Sullivan; Joseph J. Byrnes; John R. McCarthy; Edward Whalen; Beatrice J. Kantorczyk; Catherine Daze; Nazzareno Rossetti; Bernard Wm. Wolquardsen; Deceased relatives of C. C.; John and Margaret Sayers; John and Anna Baumeister; George Dower. Thomas Connolly; Denis and Margaret McCarthy; Nellie M. Tully; Michael Ford; Mary A. Coughlin; Joseph L. Armas; Owen Gallagher; Francis X. Coleman; John E. McDonald; deceased family of N. V. K.; William Fulton; Anne Fulton; Josephine C. Kuehna and Hildegard C. Kuehna.

DECEASED FRIENDS

THE prayers of our friends are asked for the soul of Mrs. Thomas Connors, the mother of Fr. Joseph Connors, a Maryknoll missioner in Korea; also for

Rt. Rev. Msgr. James Turner; Rt. Rev. Msgr. Ferdinand Kolb; Rt. Rev. John Ward; Rev. Cornelius Ahern; Rev. Augustus Pellieux; Rev. James P. Kelly; Rev. Patrick F. Connors; Rev. John B. Condon; Rev. C. P. O'Neill; Rev. Henry Hussmann; Rev. George Basel, C.P.; Rev. John Waelterman; Rev. Mathias J. Hargather; Rev. M. J. Lynch; Sr. Mary Madeleine; Sr. M. Anthony; Sr. M. Martina Blaney; Sr. M. Dionysius of St. Francis; Sr. St. Theresa; Sr. M. Dulcissima; Sr. Agnes Marie Chencik; Sr. M. Stanislaus Kelly; Dr. John L. Kelly; Patrick Connor; Marie Connor; John L. Mulren; Elizabeth Daly; T. B. Booth; Annie L. Meehan; Mary McCabe; Kate Ronayne; M. J. Kelly; Mrs. A. Daera; Mrs. M. F. Scanlon; Mrs. M. A. Hale; John E. Kelly; John McCann; Richard McGrail; Mary E. Daly; Mary A. Corcoran; Daniel O'Connor; Maria Birch; Agnes Garrigan; Mrs. Eugene A. Jewett; Thomas E. Murray.

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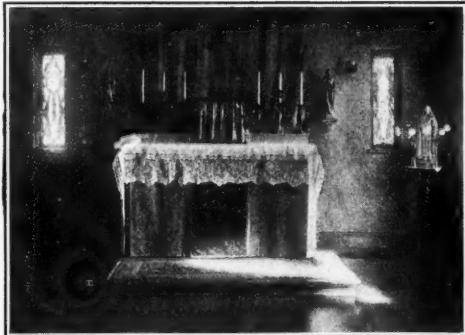
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